

THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

CHATELAIN

A black and white illustration of a woman's face and upper torso. She is wearing a large, ornate hat with a wide brim and a dark veil. Her expression is dramatic, with wide eyes and slightly parted lips. She is wearing a multi-strand pearl necklace. The background is a textured, mottled grey. There are some white, sketchy lines in the upper right corner, possibly representing a plane or abstract shapes.

JUNE 1950
FIFTEEN CENTS

Housewives Blast Business Girl

We Went to Rome • Spine Chilling Mystery "The Breather"

How to Grow Chrysanthemums • Feeding Your Athletic Son



Marbleum Patterns illustrated above: Ground, green M/99, Breakfast Nook inlays, M/92 and kitchen inlays, M/12, splash area back of sink, M/39. Domolite plastic curtains in breakfast nook pattern 1449 and in kitchen pattern 1442.

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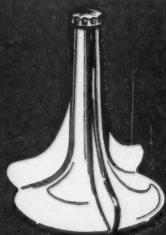
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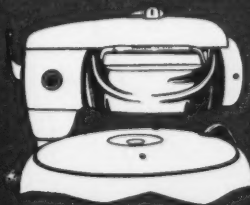
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10 PLOTS

DON'T GET me wrong. I like reading fiction. I like the excitement of opening a fresh copy of my favorite magazine, with its glowing illustrations of provocative heroines and godlike males. The thing I don't like is the certainty that in at least one story per issue I'll meet My Most Detested Plot.

Here they are—all 10. I'm afraid you've met them too. The titles, born of exasperation, are my own. The plots belong to everyone.

Plot Number One: Mother Takes a Holiday. Harassed wife and mother, burdened to the teeth with domesticity goes for a holiday alone and meets the Oh-so-fascinating man. He doesn't know she's married. (She intends to tell him but doesn't get around to it.) She reminds him of a candle or a lily and in no time at all she consents to walk along the shore with him after dark. Then, while the lost dreams of girlhood begin to flutter in her heart, he Shows Himself in His True Colors. Furthermore, he considers that by walking alone with him at night she has shown herself in hers. Aghast and scandalized, she flees to her hotel and catches the first train home. (There's always a train leaving almost at once, though it necessitates rapid packing.) And back she goes to the dear dull husband who has no True Colors to show himself in and who, she now realizes, makes the Whole Thing Worth While After All.

*A Canadian novelist goes on strike against those stories we all know by heart **

* Ed.'s Note: We guarantee none appear in *this* issue.



S I can do Without

by Joyce Marshall

Plot Number Two: The Note That Smells. Prettily scented, it tumbles out of hubby's pocket as the heroine is getting the suit ready for the cleaner's. Till now she hasn't had the tiniest suspicion that All Is Not Right with her marriage. Beautiful and poised, she's a gracious hostess, plays a good game of bridge, and devotes herself to making what she considers the right setting for her husband. A call on the Other Woman, a fairly pleasant sort, though living in well-deserved shabbiness in a walkup apartment, soon convinces her that husbands prefer coziness to graciousness and that she has been building the shell of marriage but not its heart. Home she flies to get out hubby's oldest slippers and the patched jacket she was about to give to the Salvation Army.

Plot Number Three: Caught in Her Own Mesh. Heroine is told to use all her feminine wiles to get a tough order or contract. (She's an advertising account executive or a department store buyer and in one story she was actually the scout for a football team.) She's good at this sort of thing and in no time at all she has the prospective client eating out of her pretty manicured hand. But . . . this time it's serious. She's really fallen for the guy. Realizing the Terrible Thing She's Done, she sends telegrams wildly, giving up her job. But the young man has chosen this precise moment to Find Out. He refuses to see her. He won't read her letters of explanation. He appears publicly with Another Girl. But she is persistent and finds a way. And what happens then? He forgives her.

Plot Number Four: The Girl Who Wears Glasses. The mouse and family drudge who suddenly sees a new and glamorous face under the hat she buys at the funny little shop on the back street and for the first time in her life is able to stand up to her beautiful older sister, her boss, and the other girls at the + Continued on page 56

What to do . . . and what NOT to do . . . for

APPENDICITIS

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE are learning not to take a chance with a persistent stomach-ache or pain in the abdomen. As it might be appendicitis, they call a physician at once!

Aided by advances in medical science, the mortality rate from appendicitis has declined steadily every year for the past 12 years. Today, the removal of the appendix is a relatively simple and safe operation. The sulfa drugs and penicillin have also helped reduce

deaths from appendicitis through prevention and control of complications which sometimes accompany the disease.

Prompt medical attention, however, is still the most important single step to complete recovery. For example, recent studies showed that when operations were performed within 24 hours after the first sign of an attack, more than 99 per cent of the patients recovered.

The Doctor says:



1. Appendicitis generally gives adequate warning—pain in the abdomen, sometimes accompanied by nausea, and usually settling after a time in the lower right side. Since the symptoms are not always the same, the wisest rule is: call the doctor at once for any persistent pain in the abdomen.

Just lie quietly . . .



2. If appendicitis is suspected, serious complications can often be avoided by keeping the patient quiet, lying down if possible, until the doctor comes. Sometimes the pain may lessen or vanish, but this is no sign that danger is past. Only a doctor, using a blood count or other tests, can determine if appendicitis is present.

No medicines . . .



3. The use of laxatives, enemas, or any external pressure, may cause the appendix to rupture, thus spreading the infection. That is why it is always safest not to give the patient any home remedies or medicines, and to avoid rubbing or pressing the area which is painful.

Nothing to eat



4. Food and liquids put an extra strain on an inflamed appendix and may also cause it to burst. So, the patient should not have anything to eat or drink, until the doctor has made an examination.

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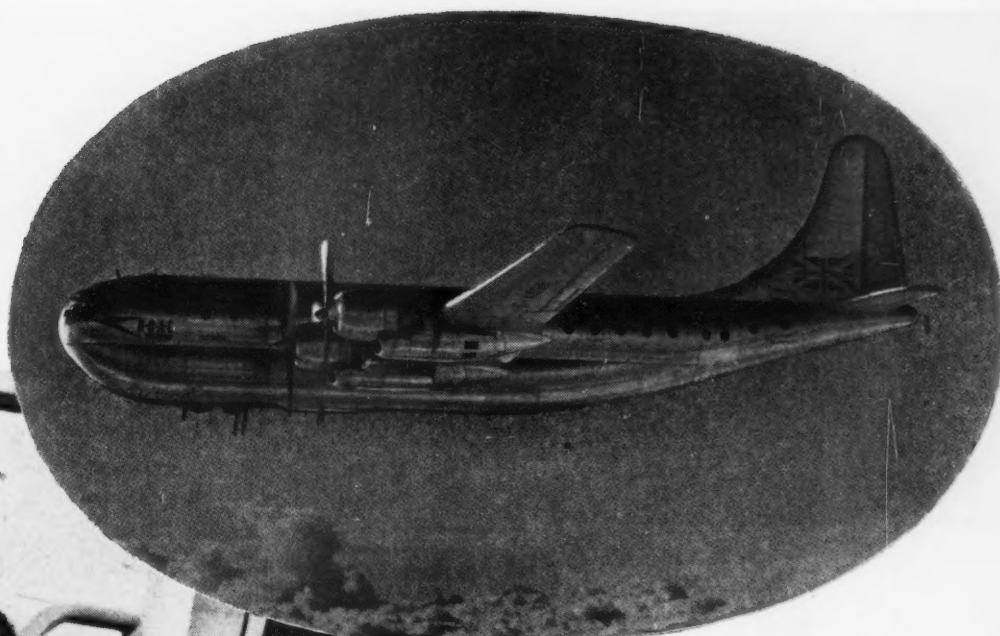
In Grande Baroque, William S. Warren, the famous designer of fine sterling, has produced one of the most beautiful patterns ever created in sterling silver. Regally lovely, Grande Baroque is sculptured in full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty"—the exclusive beauty feature found only in Wallace Sterling.

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CHATELAINE *for June*



BOAC Stratocruiser



Photo courtesy B.E.A.

TRAVEL *light as Air*

THIS IS a Cinderella story, the story of Mary Morrison of Winnipeg, young Canadian singing star. She was chosen from the Opera School of the Royal Conservatory of Music as the model for Chatelaine's travel story. Our modern Cinderella didn't travel with a coach and four. She sailed across the world in the most modern version of the proverbial magic carpet—in a Stratocruiser, BOAC's queen of the airways, a mighty double-decker air cruiser. Through the magic wand of modern chemistry and Canadian designers Mary was completely outfitted with a nylon travel trousseau, as light as air itself. No worries about creasing, no overweight problems, it was designed for a happy holiday.

Italy is the dreamland of every young singer. Mary was actually on her way to see the world's finest opera houses . . . to hear the most renowned stars and orchestras. Our first stop was England. Overnight in London and then Italy . . . land of sun, music and history.

Mildred Spicer, our fashion editor, and Mary Morrison, young Canadian opera star, take a complete nylon wardrobe on a flying trip abroad to illustrate our travel theme



Photo courtesy B.E.A.



Mary's nylon wardrobe, unpacked in Rome, was fresh and free from bothersome wrinkles. From the tiny balcony of our hotel room we had a widespread view of the Holy City. An old Roman wall to our right, sidewalk cafés to our left and in the distance, watching over the busy, noisy city, was the mighty dome of St. Peter's.

Bright contrast. The old and the new are brought into sharp relief as Mary sight-sees in nylon tricot at the Roman Forum. In the stark-white ruins we felt as if we were walking out of reality back into the pages of history. We saw toga-clad Romans along the Via Sacra. At the Coliseum we could hear the shouts of the people as the gladiators fought and died. We climbed the Palatine Hill, where, so the legend goes, Romulus and Remus built the first city of Rome.





The most popular tourist spot in Rome is the Piazza d'Espagna. A beautiful staircase rises from the square as a threshold to Santa Trinita de Monti. Mary, in her blue and white nylon print, looks down on the fountain in the centre of the square. At the foot of the steps the flower sellers gather in colorful array with their fragrant bunches of red carnations, yellow mimosa and blue violets. To the right of the famous steps stands the narrow, old house where Keats and Shelley once lived—a very real memory to lovers of their timeless poetry.

In the reception room of our hotel Mary, in summery green nylon, ponders over a day's shopping. Rome, like all other interesting tourist cities, has its unique shops. For women they're a shopper's paradise. Italian silk in lingerie and blouses . . . tiny leather jewel boxes . . . unusual mosaic jewelry and dainty cameos. Each shop specializes in one type of merchandise. There are no department stores as we know them. And it's difficult for the tourist to remember the one hundred-dollar custom allowance on bringing such gifts home to Canada.

Rome is a Tourist's Wonderland

There was color as we had never seen it before, from the splendor of St. Peter's and its bevy of red and yellow uniformed guards to the old flower sellers on almost every street corner. Such color offers a sharp contrast to the drab overcrowded sections of the old city across the banks of the Tiber. In the tremendous square of St. Peter's with its famous colonnade and monumental fountain we passed a group of weary pilgrims who had walked from some far-away town to be in the Holy City for Easter. We saw man's greatest artistic achievements in the world's oldest churches. Later, walking down a narrow Roman street, we discovered a homemade altar built in a wall niche. A humble offering of flowers drooped under the half light of melting candles. In the church of Santa Maria Maggiore the ceiling is gilded with the first gold brought by Columbus. Outside, in the street, vendors peddle their wares—shiny nickknacks and small toys to catch the eye of the wandering tourist. Yes, Rome is indeed . . . a city of unforgettable contrasts.



Mary gazes across the shadowy gardens of the Villa D'Este. Her yellow nylon sweater set, beige nylon-wool slacks are the right notes for comfort in climbing the long flights of stairs which lead from terrace to terrace. The villa, built in 1549 by a Roman Cardinal, is one of the finest examples of Renaissance palaces. The gardens include mosaic-lined lily pools, rows of spouting fountains and stately trees. Here is a garden of romance, perfect setting for a palace of drama and intrigue.

Nylon velvet is news. In a bathing suit which can actually take to the water it's greater news still. Mary wears her royal-blue velvet bathing suit on the beach at Ostia. Once a great seaport Ostia is now a favorite resort of colorful apartment blocks with bright terra-cotta roofs and a modern, flower-lined avenue. Modern music drifts out from a nearby café. The long white beach is lined with colored bathhouses, and lazy swimmers lounge in the sun or sip at that all-American drink . . . the coke.



Each Day Brought a New Adventure

As our car pulled away from the Villa d'Este the sun was sinking into a rosy horizon. We stopped for a minute before driving down the side of the mountain, and watched the peasants returning from the fields. The men rode on small donkeys and the women, carrying heavy loads precariously balanced on their heads, plodded along beside them. Across the valley our view was met with groves of gnarled olive trees, green fields and the narrow ribbon of road winding back to Rome.

When in Rome you must do as the Romans do if you want to eat! Restaurants open at nine o'clock and a meal may last as long as three hours. After the afternoon siesta from two until four the city goes back to work until eight. From nine until midnight or after you will find restaurants crowded with pleasure-seekers. Wine and song are as much a part of their meals in Italy as meat and potatoes are in Canada.



In the lobby of La Scala Mary buys carnations from the old flower lady who takes up her nightly stand by the statue of Verdi. She has been selling her fragrant wares in this same spot for forty years, and knows all the operas and the famous stars. For this evening Mary wears palest blue nylon marquisette, a cocoa-brown squirrel stole and a bib of rhinestones.

La Scala exceeded all our expectations! White marble columns towered to the ceiling. Four hundred bulbs twinkled in the chandelier which was a masterpiece of crystal and gold. The entire theatre—its 4,000 seats, its six floors and all its walls—was covered with claret-colored velvet, for the sake of acoustics. As the rose-shaded house lights dimmed the orchestra sounded the overture to Siegfried and Mary settled back to hear her first Wagnerian opera and . . . Kirsten Flagstad.

At the end . . . no posing. The photographer caught us dazed and enchanted by the beauty, reluctant to admit that it was all over. The next day we would return to Rome to catch our plane and then . . . home in 18 hours.



A FEW days later we said good-bye to Italy. We had photographed a Canadian wardrobe against an Italian background . . . the news of nylon against the memories of an ancient world. Our job was done, but in doing it we had glimpsed a way of life so different from our own. Here in this picturesque country where the old world blends with the new we caught the spirit of the Italian people. We saw it in their love of sunshine, flowers and music . . . in their spontaneous enthusiasm after the closing curtain of the opera . . . in their stormy reaction to the words of some street-corner politician . . . in their tears and excitement at seeing the Pope . . . in their pride of Italy's past glories. They never forget that tomorrow is another day. Their slow, easy-going ways are sometimes annoying to the bustling North American. Yet one cannot help but envy their love of life, in spite of strikes, poverty and the scars of war. As we left Italy we took with us memories which would never be forgotten. We promised ourselves that someday we would return.

For description of our travel wardrobe see page 69.



SEAFARING COWBOY

THE GLOSSY tip of Gid's cowboy boot neatly stopped a small gold compact from rolling over the side of the ship and into Montreal Bay. Gid leisurely set down his suitcase, bent his six foot two of well-muscled frame and picked up the compact, a key ring, a jewelry repair check, a broken pencil, a lipstick, 50 cents in change and a scribbled list of some sort. As he was straightening out he found himself dead in line with two blue eyes belonging to a small brunette.

"Well, that's right remarkable," he said softly.

In a veil, a tucked satin dress, and with grandfather's arm to lean on, she would have been the spitting image of grandma on her wedding day in the picture that hung over the piano at the ranch.

The beautiful little creature asked wonderingly, "What's remarkable?"

"Why you, ma'am," said Gid slowly and gravely.

Just then the old lady standing behind him poked him in the back with her suitcase, and he remembered that he was boarding a boat for England and holding up the line through customs.

He opened his rein-hardened hands and dropped the contents into the little bag the brunette was holding.

"Thank you," she said, then before he could slip the ketch rope from his tongue, she was gone.

Gid was never a man to be easily stampeded out of his steady-paced ways, but even after he had unpacked his suitcase, tested the bunk and taken a glance through the porthole, he still had that fiddle-footed feeling. He bent to look in the mirror, found his comb, ran it through his black hair, stiff as new rope. Then he briefly surveyed his lean-jawed, flat-lipped face, adjusted his stetson and stepped out of the cabin.

The passageway was blocked by a tall blonde carrying two hatboxes. She was wearing a leopard-skin coat and moving into the cabin across the way. Gid flattened himself against the wall to let her pass.

"Mighty tight corral along here," he said by way of making conversation.

He felt her glance slip over him, as sultry as the tail end of a lazy July afternoon. "Oh, I don't know, cowboy," she drawled. "I think it's kind of nice," and she disappeared into her cabin.

GID REGARDED the closed door for a minute, but he well knew that a man can only follow one trail at a time. He went up on deck. The brunette who looked like his grandmother was standing over at the rail watching the shore crowd toss streamers at the boat. Gid sauntered over just in time to catch a blue one. He turned to the brunette, "Would you mind holding this, ma'am? I don't cotton to paper ropes," and a slow smile spread over his weather-tanned face.

She seemed pleased. "Why thank you," she said, and took the

streamer in her little white hand while Gid admired the tilt of her nose and the tiny band of freckles across the bridge.

By the time they were under way, he had found that her name was Janie. His grandmother's name had been Janie. She said she loved horses. Horses were Gid's first love. She was crossing the Atlantic for the first time. Check for Gid too. He also noticed that her eyelashes made fascinating shadows on her cheeks and she was just the right size to lean her head against his shoulder—if she ever felt like leaning.

It seemed as natural as breathing to walk around the deck with her. Three times around and Gid had confided that his name was Gideon Josiah McIvor—after his grandfather, that he had a ranch in Alberta, and that he was going to Scotland to look at some bulls. It was more than he had ever told a stranger in his life.

By dinnertime, among other things, they had discovered that they both liked autumn scenery, flapjacks with brown sugar, big stone fireplaces and the smell of wet leaves. Janie confided that she thought the gulls following the ship were the most graceful things in the world, and Gid agreed with her.

When they went out for a last turn around the deck at midnight, Gid felt he had known her all of his life. Gid was never a man to toss a lariat in the dark, but this time seemed different. The murmuring sea, the velvet sky, and the winking stars all seemed to say, "Kiss her." He turned to Janie, who looked like his grandmother. The moonlight caught the ends of her lashes. He started to take her in his hard-muscled arms.

Just then she turned her face away. "You know," she said, "this is just a common physical attraction. It doesn't mean a thing."

Perhaps it had been the noise of the water against the ship, "Pardon, ma'am?" said Gid.

"Straight physical attraction, nothing more," she said flatly.

Gid leaned against the rail for support.

SHE SEEMED to feel an explanation might be necessary. "George could explain it much better than I. George is my fiancé," she added. "He has a really brilliant mind. He's + Continued on page 22

A ship's a mighty tight corral for a bronco-buster heading off a lively young filly

by Doris McCubbin



Illustrated by Clare Shragge

*Janie said seriously,
"Of course, this is just a ship-
board romance that will dissolve"—she
waved a hand toward England—"the moment we land."*

You're Not for Me Baby

That's what the boys all said, "You're a nice girl
for somebody else . . . but not for me." *by Rebecca Shallit*

THERE'S a girl like Mag Enderby on every campus. You've seen her around. A nice kid, attractive enough, if you happen to notice her—but usually you don't. Something has happened to make her unsure of herself in competition with other girls. Maybe it was only some careless remark made long ago, which cut deep into an unformed tremulous ego. But whatever the reason, she doesn't believe in herself; and when you don't believe in yourself, no one can help you. Her sorority sisters tried. They really did, you know. They told her exactly what was wrong with her hair and that her eyes would be lovely if she knew how to use them, and they went out of their way to get dates for her. But she went on being the "odd" Enderby girl, the girl who had something about her that scared men off.

She had known about it for a long time now, but this house party at Suellen Jamison's country home on Vashon Island was the first time that any man had put it into words.

Not for me, baby. Maybe for somebody else but not for me. That was what Cox Blainey had told her.

The worst of it was that on the ferry going over to the island, standing beside Cox at the rail, she had felt for a moment that here was a man whom she might like and be at ease with—once the terrible preliminaries of getting to know him were over.

OF ALL the people upon whom Mag Enderby might have chosen to pin her heart, anyone could have told you that Cox—the Great Coxey—was a hopeless choice. In the first place he was one of the campus leaders. In the second place he was the property of Suellen, Mag's roommate. In the third place—but anyone except Mag Enderby would have known all the reasons. That she hadn't the faintest idea about what kind of men she might be expected to attract was one of the things that made Mag Enderby so hopelessly what she was.

She never would have had even a blind date with Cox, if Suellen had not arranged it. Suellen and Cox had had a temporary tiff and Suellen had invited Dick Mason to the house party. Repenting later, she had made Cox promise to come anyway, with Mag as his date.

Tough on Mag, perhaps, but it was the only way she would have had an escort. And the fact that Cox agreed to saddle himself with Mag, just to spend the week end near Suellen, shows you exactly how irretrievably he and Suellen were linked together. Because Cox could have had any girl on the campus.

The queer thing was that Mag should have made up her mind that

Cox was her last stand. I think perhaps she had made up her mind about that when Suellen first suggested Cox as Mag's blind date; because, you see, here was the fairy-tale ending being offered to her: a blind date with the campus hero.

Cox, when he was introduced to her by Suellen, had done exactly what all her other dates did. He had said his vague "Howdy" with his eyes somewhere on space behind her shoulders, and now on the ferry he was being polite in a casual, perfunctory way—his eyes always seeking Suellen.

So it was crazy for Mag to make up her mind that Cox was her last stand. But as they leaned against the ferry railing, she looked up at him and in a moment of inner daring she told herself, I'm just as attractive as Suellen and people *do* get other people on the rebound. If I just get him to look at me once, really look at me—

For a moment she almost believed in herself and in her power to do it.

That moment of inner daring was unfortunate. She said the first words that came into her mind.

"You don't know how much this date with you means to me, Cox."

Cox stared at her as though he were seeing her for the first time. He looked uncomfortable and incredulous and strangely angry.

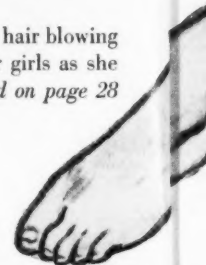
"Me?" He hunched his big shoulders. "Don't get any ideas about me, baby." He scowled at Suellen who was laughing up at Dick Mason near the prow of the boat. "Me, I'm tired of being a pushover. From now on I don't want to look at any girl twice."

Suellen would have known what to say to that. Mag tried to put herself visually into Suellen's small neat body. She fluttered her eyes at Cox. Her lashes were long and soft and dark. They were better than Suellen's, even with the artifices Suellen used.

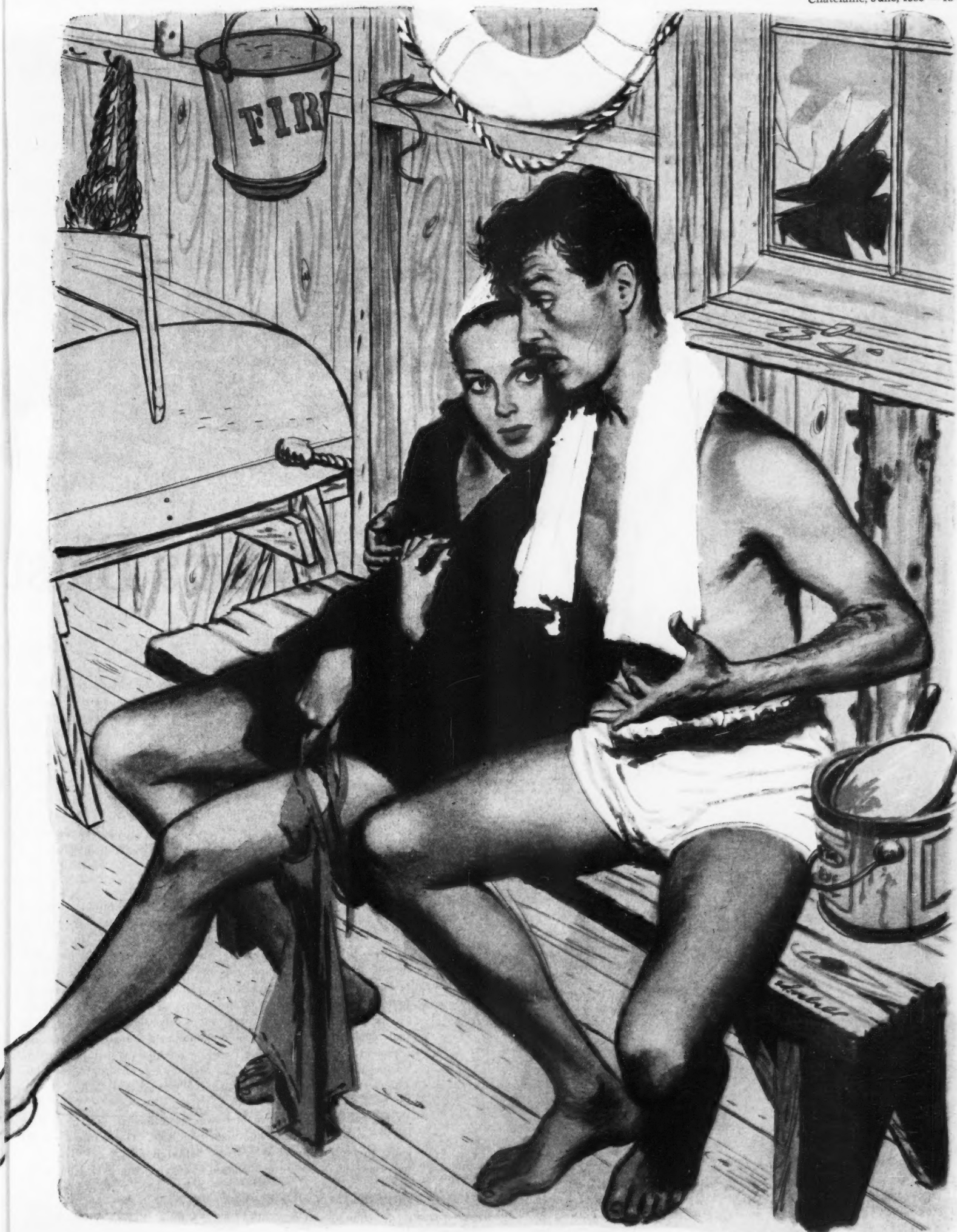
"No?" Mag asked.

Cox looked at her then. He looked at her thick black hair blowing free in a bob that was as exactly like that of the other girls as she could make it. He looked at her + *Continued on page 28*

"You've got what it takes, and that's gospel from the Great Coxey himself. Only you've got to stop being so intense about everything, see?"



Illustrated by Ed Vebell



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Vebell



Housewives Blast

HOUSEWIVES are a sorry lot," said Beverly Gray in March Chatelaine. "They have three main complaints—their poverty, loneliness and drudgery. Marriage seems to bring about a full stop in mental development. The average woman lets her mind crystalize into a narrow, domestic tunnel."

Developing these ideas, Miss Gray criticized housewives for their appearance and manners.

Over five hundred women protested in letters and articles. Through all of them ran a vein of tolerance and good humor. But the three things which most of them resented were the attacks on their happiness, their mental status, and their laziness.

Since no reply was, in itself, a completely satisfactory answer to Miss Gray, we have selected excerpts—typical of the point of view of Canadian housewives.—The Editors.

* * *

MISS GRAY is guilty of the most sweeping generalizations. She has taken a few of the most unattractive human emotions—frustration, envy, suspicion, discontent and laziness, and she has landed them squarely in the housewife's lap. She has allowed for no individual talents or virtues, condemning in one sweep every woman who dares possess husband, hearth and home . . . Granted nearly every housewife in her off moments is guilty of one or even all these undesirable traits. She is, however, playing her role, not merely as a housewife but as an individual, or—as any man would maintain—a woman. The editorial comment that there is a truth for every one of us is just. The article mirrors the darker side of all of us, whatever may be our *chosen* profession and should not be directed specifically at the housewife.

IN MY OPINION the term housewife is outmoded. The next time the census man comes to the house and asks, "Occupation?" I am going to reply "Homemaker," or "Nation Builder," or "The most important job in the world," instead of answering meekly, Housewife.

OUR MENTAL development hasn't stopped dead—it's simply changed its direction. From baseball to babies, politics to pastry, stock markets



Here's to Canadian housewives! They're good sports,
can take criticism and answer back.

Inarticulate? We should say not.

If you ever thought so, read these extracts
from a few of the letters that swamped the editors

st Business Girl

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to supermarkets. We still have our old interests plus innumerable new ones. And, lady, try just once, baking, marketing or caring for your baby without putting a bit of mental effort into it.

THE BUSINESS GIRL claims that the housewife drops "phony" interests when the wedding ring encircles her third finger, left hand. If these interests were not genuine, but developed merely to please the "bemused bachelor" I'd say it's a good thing matrimony made an honest woman of her.

... You think the "bemused bachelor" who was inveigled into matrimony talked to his girl about politics and stock markets! Well, guess again. And to quote you, "Almost any married woman can have a baby but it takes an unusual matron to have a new idea!" Most married women who get a new idea mention it to their husbands so tactfully that they soon think it was theirs in the first place.

... Any girl who expects that a man is going to marry her because she knows how the Grand Llama of Tibet is elected, or can swim the English Channel in November had better stay with her desk job. Somewhere along the line she has been sadly misinformed. It takes a different kind of brainwork to be a reasonably efficient combination of cleaning woman, dietitian, nurse, teacher, dressmaker, economist, psychologist, sweetheart and mother. While I'm not a grey-haired grandmother, I've been a housewife long enough to see the rewards that come from an established home and family.

B. G. COMPLAINS how voluble a woman is on the subject of her husband's shortcomings. Golly, what a fascinating, tell-all bunch of gals she hobnobs with! I, unfortunately, seem to have gone through life tuned to the wrong wave lengths. I have known women whose husbands were alcoholics, niggardly misers or just plain skunks and I have always believed them to be just too stupid to see the flaws. But obviously they have been deliberately secretive during their visits with me, waiting only until they got into a public restaurant to let down their hair and give with the dirt. Even my best friends have never shown any inclination to let me in on the ♦ Continued on page 64



The Breather

by Julie Prise

HER FRIENDS often asked, "Linda, aren't you afraid to stay alone nights?" And she always laughed and said, "Who, me?"

Some women might have been afraid. Some women in her place would have given up the house after the divorce. But it was such a right little house, even if it was the last on a dead-end street, with a long reach of yard between her and the nearest neighbor, with a vacant lot across, even if the big old fir tree had a way of knocking on the roof when there was wind.

She had watched the house take shape from a scratch pad, had sat on the running board of the car and watched while they dug the basement. Four rooms and a bath—a doll house Howard had called it. Every picture on the wall, every tricky built-in shelf, the rugs, the position of the piano, the red-coated huntsmen that papered the entrance hall—all were of her choosing. Sometimes she wondered if she had not married the house instead of Howard. It had come about so casually. They had driven down the dead-end street accidentally. While he was turning the car at the foot of the hill, she had said, "Listen, Howard—the wind in those fir trees. Sounds like water." And he had nodded to the sign across, This Lot for Sale.

"Like to build here?" he had asked.

"By those beautiful firs? Oh, yes!"

"When?"

"Oh, soon as I get a raise . . ." She was being facetious, of course. But next day he had shown her the deed to the lot. It had been a proposal.

EVENINGS IN the little house, wondering if ever she would come to understand this moody man, she would watch him at his reading and ask herself, "Why did I marry him?" The attraction of opposites, she would rationalize, or . . . it was the mother instinct in me, she would say. I thought I could make him happy. I thought he needed me. But Howard had not belonged in the little house any more than he belonged to her. After two years she had faced it. It wouldn't work out. He would never change, and if she continued with him, she would. Hard to tell her friends why they had parted. One could not say, "I never knew what he was thinking," or, "He wouldn't talk. I felt locked out." Polished, intellectual, always faultlessly groomed—with a faint air of disillusionment that played up his lean handsomeness—Howard would have no trouble finding someone else. Odd, the thought gave her no pain.

Four months, now, they had been divorced, four months she had lived alone. The house had seemed not to miss him much after his departure, and with her work as commercial artist in a going advertising agency, neither had she—too much. ♦ *Continued on page 41*

Illustrated by George Englert





*The spine-chilling story of a lonely house;
a murderer at large; a phone ringing at midnight;
a woman's life hanging in the balance.*

Make Your Living Room Fit Your Life

by John Caulfield Smith
Home Planning Editor



FUNCTION COMES FIRST. This appealing room (shown at left and below) is a busy professional woman's office during the day, becomes a comfortable living room at night.

The idea was to create a subdued background which would not distract attention from business discussions. Grey, a friendly color that knows how to get along with its neighbors, provided the answer. Walls and ceiling are papered in grey-green grass-cloth design, furniture is greyed oak and pine, and chairs are upholstered in grey hand-woven tweed.

The day-bed covering is a soft washable wool in attractive oyster shade with brightly colored cushions, one in the material used for the draperies and cabinet doors. It's an all-over Austrian print in old blue and natural tones. Coco matting, topped by a grey hand-tufted scatter rug, covers the floor. Freda James, decorator.



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KEYED TO HOSPITALITY. (Above) The living room of Jon Whitcomb, famous illustrator, expresses warmth and friendliness. An air of spaciousness is emphasized by the U-shaped grouping of chesterfields around a square coffee table. The slender grace of the rattan furniture contrasts pleasantly with the solidity of the upholstered pieces.

The room is light and airy by day, quiet and peaceful at night. Whitcomb is fond of reading and music so there is ample space for his books, his record player and record collection. In choosing colors he's used the same artistic sense that characterizes his magazine work. His taste runs to clear and vibrant browns, yellows and greens, pinpointed with the sudden bursts of scarlets and pinks of fresh flowers.

INFORMAL STYLE. (Right) For restful living this room combines colonial and contemporary charm.

Focal point is the low fireplace with white-painted brick surround, banked with cool green ferns. Random-width plank wall is painted white also, stands out against end wall covered from floor to ceiling with dark background plaid fabric. Window "cut-out" takes traditional provincial shape. Draperies and slipcovers are in document print of lively floral design, their colors repeated in the braided rugs on floor. All furniture is light finished, dark tan upholstery. Robert Simpson Company Ltd.



UNWED MOTHER

by Wallace Reyburn

Could this be her child? She'll never know . . . and that is the real tragedy of the girl who sacrifices a mother's rights



Armstrong Roberts

JANE WORTH lives in Toronto. She has had one child—a boy, born out of wedlock. Here is her story.

Jane lived with her parents and was irked by the narrowness of their lives and the life she had to live with them. During the war the Montreal branch of the insurance firm for which she worked had a vacancy for a secretary and she saw this as her chance to move out of her home and live her own life.

Her parents didn't want her to go, but she argued that the pay was much better and the job more interesting than the mere stenographic job she had in the Toronto branch.

She made the move and lived in an apartment shared with another girl in the office.

At that time she was 24. She hadn't had as much to do with men as the average girl of that age, mainly through the tight rein that had been kept on her by her parents. It most certainly wasn't through any lack of good looks. Numerous men had found her attractive but had always given up the pursuit early, regarding her as "not much fun."

In Montreal she felt a wonderful feeling of release. And her natural vivacity and good spirits, which had been kept in check by her parents' strictness, were given full rein.

She went out often with men but none of them appealed to her as much as the man she saw most of — the man for whom she was secretary. But he was married.

When he enlisted and was sent overseas, she knew she'd miss him but was level-headed enough to realize that it solved a problem for them. She reasoned that he was merely the first man she had got to know since she had been away from home.

She didn't know his wife well, had only seen her twice. But when he was overseas she heard a great deal about the wife from other girls in the office. Mrs. Tully was playing around.

In 1944 Tully came back from overseas on compassionate leave. His mother who was a widow was ill and died before he got back to Montreal.

When Tully came into the office and asked Jane to have dinner with him he looked haggard and desperately unhappy. She didn't ask him about his wife, because she knew that she had gone to Washington on a government job and hadn't even got leave. + + +

Continued on page 57



When you make a wish
for a favorite dish,
isn't it often— **CHICKEN?**



Just as sure as you like Chicken
you'll like *Campbell's* Chicken Soup



Rich CHICKEN broth



You'll taste at once the well-liked flavor of fine chicken in every spoonful — golden-gleaming, delicious.

Rice steeped in CHICKEN



You'll relish the fluffy rice, so full of the deep chicken flavor—and so extra-nourishing and satisfying.

Tender pieces of CHICKEN



You'll enjoy the tender pieces of chicken so generously added—for every rich and brimming plateful.

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5 Big Advantages

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"CONTROL-O-ROLL" SAFETY WRINGER
stops "instinctively" at slightest push or pull. Locks automatically into position.



"CUSHIONED ACTION" BAKELITE GEYATOR
gets clothes cleaner, without wear. Cannot rust or corrode. Remains shiny bright.



"SENTINEL OF SAFETY" PROTECTIVE SWITCH
Stops and starts the motor . . . protects it from overload damage. Safe with wet hands.



LONG LIFE, PRECISION MECHANISM
Exclusive Westinghouse design. Quiet, efficient, long-lived. Needs no oiling.

Plus: Centralized Outside Controls. Feather-touch Wringer Release. Porcelain Enamel Steel Tub. Automatic Power Pump. Spring-adjusting Casters.

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Model C9 Washer \$179.50
Power Pump \$10.00 extra
Other Models \$154.50 - \$159.50
Gas engine drive \$209.50
Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

You get **MORE** in a **Westinghouse**
THE SAFE WASHER

MORE HOT WATER FROM EVERY TANKFUL!



That's because the Westinghouse Cold Water Baffle in the bottom of the tank prevents cold water from rushing up and mixing with the hot water. The Westinghouse COROX Heating Units are the last word in efficiency and deliver all the heat you pay for, right into the water. Automatic Thermostats keep the water at the temperature desired. The tank is thoroughly insulated with over 3½" of fibre glass. The Westinghouse Tank Guard prevents rust and erosion. See your plumber, contractor or Westinghouse dealer.

Westinghouse Electric Water Heater

Seafaring Cow

Continued from page 19

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Gid sat down heavily on a coil of rope. "You don't say."

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She looked at Gid sitting on the coiled-up rope. "You do understand, don't you?"

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"Well," said Janie happily. "That's fine then. And now I think I'll go to bed." And before Gid had time to jerk up the slack she was gone.

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"Well, hello there," she said as she clung to him, just a mite longer than was necessary. She was wearing a red suit and with her mane of yellow hair she looked like one of those calendar girls Josh Peters always had hanging in the general store back home.

"Good morning, ma'am," said Gid pleasantly.

"That 'ma'am' shows you were right properly brought up," the blonde said, "but you can call me Caroline. All my friends do," she added significantly.

Gid said nothing.

"For a friendly Westerner you're not being very friendly," she pouted prettily. "Missing those big wide spaces on this poky old ship maybe?"

"Maybe," said Gid.

"Well, we'll have to see about that." She cocked an eyebrow, so smooth and curved it might have been drawn with a compass. "How about a game of deck tennis after breakfast?"

"But I don't know how," Gid began.

"Oh, that's all right," said the blonde. "I'm a very good teacher—and terribly patient," she drawled softly.

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She was there before him, standing against the rail in her leopard-skin coat with a red scarf at her throat. After she had made sure he had noticed the gold result of her hair against the sky they started to play.

She was, as she said, a good teacher, and she played a cagey game. Slipping along the smooth boards in his high-heeled shoes and lunging back, Gid worked as hard as a brush popper cowboy at a roundup. Even at that she almost beat him.

In the middle of the fourth game she said she had hurt her thumb. She filled Gid to look at it. It was a lovely smooth thumb with a long tapered, beautifully manicured nail—and there was sent absolutely nothing the matter with it.

As Gid bent over it, waves of her perfume drifted slowly past him. He was acutely conscious that he had only to turn his head to meet that ripe red mouth.

He straightened up. "I think we'd better go for a walk now, ma'am," he said.

But the blonde said she preferred the lounge, so they went there. She chose a secluded corner seat and then they began a conversational game. She was even better at this. She asked questions. Gid tried to evade them. It was almost like filling in an income-tax form. He was amazed at how much she knew about the ranch, its size, its location and how many cattle he owned.

"Of course, everyone's heard about the Melvor ranch," she said. "Why it's a national show place!"

"Might be," said Gid.

She was looking at him sideways while she took a long drag on her cigarette. Gid felt like a side of beef on a butcher's block. He figured it was time to change pastures.

"I reckon I'd better go below now," he said. "I've got to write some letters."

"Oh, business about the ranch?" she asked.

"Maybe," said Gid.

He strode purposefully out like a man with piles of correspondence awaiting his attention, then he doubled up the back stairs to the deck. The sky was

cloudless. The sun glittered on the water. There, in a deck chair, sat Janie, her brow puckered in concentration over a heavy tome entitled "Adjusting the Individual Personality to the Marriage Partnership."

Gid walked past her three times. She didn't even look up. "It's plumb crazy," he muttered to himself. "That fellow has bulldozed her with all these big words until she doesn't know a hitch rail from a buckboard."

A breeze gently stirred the hair on her forehead. He strode over and planted himself beside her chair.

She looked up and the right corner of her mouth dimpled as she smiled at him. "Hello, Gid," she said. He noticed that she had a finger on the page to keep her place.

"That must be a mighty interesting book," he began. He knew it was a fiddle-faddled opening.

"Oh, yes," she said. "It's really quite interesting. But hard too." She frowned at the book.

Although he had been taught to go away when people were busy, he planted his heels like a renegade steer and stayed. "Funny thing about books," he said. "They tell you all the general rules, but when you've got a sun-fishing cayuse under you—or a bellowing, pitching steer on the end of your rope—you don't tarry to think what you've read—you just act."

She looked up, frowning in concentration at the sea. Then, almost as though she had just remembered the right answer, she said, "Oh, yes. That's all right for simple things, but marriage in the 20th century is very complex. Human relationships are in a state of flux and marriage must be stabilized by intelligent, scientific match-making, not just—"

She seemed to have forgotten the rest. "Not just, well, any old way." She wrinkled up her little nose to show that "just any old way" wouldn't do at all.

"Any old way" seemed to work out mighty well for the last few thousand years," Gid said, fixing her with his cold blue eyes. "And science has been wrong hundreds of times." He motioned toward the sea. "Why they used to think the world was flat—just like a pancake. Besides it's just as easy to make a mistake in a calculation as any other way. If you're going to marry by book, have children by book, eat and live by book, you might as well not bother. I figure a man and woman should marry when they like each other so well they want to make a life team of it." He felt his ears getting a little red. It had been a very long speech for him.

"But Gid! That's sentimental!" Her eyes widened at the thought.

"All right. It's sentimental. I'm sentimental, and I aim to stay that way." He flung off down the deck.

WELL, HE'D slipped his tailholt now for sure. Should have known better. Never did feel comfortable riding fence on words. Suddenly he wished his mare, Tally, were there and he could saddle her and ride back to the little coulee over in the east section. But there he was—corralled on a dang ship, smack in the middle of an ocean. He jammed his hands in his pockets and went below. All that afternoon and evening, except for dinner, he lay cramped up on his bunk to avoid the blonde. "This is just jim dandy," he glumly told the porthole.

The next morning when Gid awoke the



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Seafaring Cowboy

Continued from page 10

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Gid walked past her three times. She didn't even look up. "It's plumb crazy," he muttered to himself. "That fellow has bulldozed her with all these big words until she doesn't know a hitch rail from a buckboard."

A breeze gently stirred the hair on her forehead. He strode over and planted himself beside her chair.

She looked up and the right corner of her mouth dimpled as she smiled at him. "Hello, Gid," she said. He noticed that she had a finger on the page to keep her place.

"That must be a mighty interesting book," he began. He knew it was a fiddle-faddled opening.

"Oh, yes," she said. "It's really quite interesting. But hard too." She frowned at the book.

Although he had been taught to go away when people were busy, he planted his heels like a renegade steer and stayed. "Funny thing about books," he said. "They tell you all the general rules, but when you've got a sun-fishing cayuse under you—or a bellowing, pitching steer on the end of your rope—you don't tarry to think what you've read—you just act."

She looked up, frowning in concentration at the sea. Then, almost as though she had just remembered the right answer, she said, "Oh, yes. That's all right for simple things, but marriage in the 20th century is very complex. Human relationships are in a state of flux and marriage must be stabilized by intelligent, scientific match-making, not just—". She seemed to have forgotten the rest. "Not just, well, any old way." She wrinkled up her little nose to show that "just any old way" wouldn't do at all.

"Any old way" seemed to work out mighty well for the last few thousand years," Gid said, fixing her with his cold blue eyes. "And science has been wrong hundreds of times." He motioned toward the sea, "Why they used to think the world was flat—just like a pancake. Besides it's just as easy to make a mistake in a calculation as any other way. If you're going to marry by book, have children by book, eat and live by book, you might as well not bother. I figure a man and woman should marry when they like each other so well they want to make a life team of it." He felt his ears getting a little red. It had been a very long speech for him.

"But Gid! That's sentimental!" Her eyes widened at the thought.

"All right. It's sentimental. I'm sentimental, and I aim to stay that way." He flung off down the deck.

WELL, HE'D slipped his tailholt now for sure. Should have known better. Never did feel comfortable riding fence on words. Suddenly he wished his mare, Tally, were there and he could saddle her and ride back to the little coulee over in the east section. But there he was—corralled on a dang ship, smack in the middle of an ocean. He jammed his hands in his pockets and went below. All that afternoon and evening, except for dinner, he lay cramped up on his bunk to avoid the blonde. "This is just jim dandy," he glumly told the porthole.

The next morning when Gid awoke the

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ship was pitching about like a mean-tempered sorrel. The steward stuck his head in the door. "Dirty weather," he said. "Always get it in November. You feeling all right, sir?"

"I reckon so," said Gid and started to dress, bracing himself against the roll of the ship.

Only a handful of people turned up for breakfast. Janie and the blonde were not among them. Gid ate some kippers, two hot rolls and coffee. He felt his stomach rising with the ship—and then flopping back. He decided to go out on deck.

It was a bearcat of a day. He made his way around the deck hanging onto hurricane ropes the ship's crew had rigged up. Three times around with the wind slicing into his face like a prairie blizzard were enough. He felt his stomach was back in its picket pins and he was just about to go below when the door blew open and out stumbled Janie all bundled up in a fur coat and with a plaid scarf around her head.

Even in the storm he could see that she looked as glassy-eyed and wobble-legged as a newborn calf. She toiled up the slanting deck to the hurricane ropes and then started around, hand over hand.

Well, he couldn't just pull leather and leave her there—not a mite of a thing like that. Why she could easily be blown away in a good blast of wind. Three times round she made it before she turned toward the door. Gid had to open it for her and she collapsed just inside on the deck steward's little bench.

"What in tarnation—" Gid thundered. But her face looked so small and pinched that he stopped and said more kindly, "You've got no right out on that deck. You should be stalled up in your cabin. You look as weak as a day-old filly."

Her eyes were shut and her head tilted back against the bench. "No," she said in a tiny voice. "Sea sickness is mental. You don't have to be sick if you make up your mind. George says to keep on your feet and keeping eating and don't—" But at this point her eyes flew open. She stared ahead glassily. Her face turned a light shade of green. "Excuse me," she said and lurched into the room marked "Ladies."

Gid sat on the bench and turned a new thought over in his mind. By the time Janie came back he had a new plan.

She had a blank, absolutely miserable look as she sat down beside him. "I guess I should go for another walk—or maybe try to eat something," she said tonelessly.

"I think that's a jim-dandy idea," Gid approved. He helped her to her feet. Then they walked—all around the promenade deck. They had it all to themselves—a bare, broad sweep of see-sawing ship. Sometimes they were struggling uphill. Sometimes they seemed to be falling forward as the ship rose, seemed to hold its breath and then fall back with a sickening thud. Janie didn't talk. She simply stared ahead—and kept on walking.

Gid watched her in admiration. "No bigger than a cake of soap after a week's washing," he marveled, "and she sticks it like a thoroughbred."

Then they sat in deck chairs and Gid fetched Janie "Adjusting the Individual Personality to the Marriage Partnership."

"Can't let a nice quiet morning like this go to waste," he said brightly.

Once more around the deck out in the wind this time. Then lunch according, as Gid pointed out, to George's instructions.

After lunch Janie disappeared for the rest of the day.

THAT NIGHT just before going to bed Gid sat on the edge of his bunk and frowned at his tooled boots. "It's a consarned shame! Making a mite of a little thing walk around the deck, just so she'll get even sicker—even if it is for her own good." He paused and pondered. Then he flung the boots across the cabin. "You ought to be horse-whipped, Gid Melvor!" he told himself. His conscience, usually as clear as a July sky, bothered him and he was a long time getting to sleep.

The next day the storm was worse. "Just like being cooped up with a bronco in a chute," said Gid as he lurched around the cabin. He hurried up to breakfast, but Janie didn't appear. He hung around the lounge. He tried to play solitaire. He tried a crossword puzzle in a paper he found—but it was no good. Finally he went off and hunted up the stewardess. "How is Miss Patterson in C80?" he asked anxiously. "C80?" she said. "Oh, she's pretty sick—but who isn't?" and she hurried away.

Gid hung around the passageway of Janie's cabin most of the afternoon.

Finally, around four that afternoon, the door of Janie's cabin opened and she stepped out into the passageway. She announced that she was going for a walk. With Gid's help she made the lounge. She sat down gratefully—just to rest a few minutes, she said. She looked so small and cold and miserable, sitting huddled in the big chair, that the muscles in Gid's arms grew taut and he could hardly keep from taking her gently up and cradling her against his shoulder.

To try to take her mind from the boat he talked about the ranch. "It's just about the quietest, most peaceful place in the world," he said softly. "Little coulees so still you can practically hear the trout breathing in the streams. And the plains—so quiet you can hear the blue bottles cleaning their whiskers. Nothing moving but the wind stroking the grass tops, or the cattle looping up the grass with their tongues."

Just then the ship dived as if for the bottom of the ocean. "It must be wonderful there," said Janie in a tiny, far-off voice that despaired of ever seeing dry land again. She struggled to her feet. "I think I'd better start walking again." She took two hesitant steps and then her knees buckled under her.

"I guess you just won't," said Gid. He swept her up in his arms, and somehow, lurching and sliding, made it back to her cabin. She lay against his shoulder as docile as a kitten. "Thank you, Gid," she said when he set her down at her door, and he felt what might have been the brush of her lips against his cheek.

That night the wind dropped and the next morning people began to creep out of their cabins and sit around the deck and in the lounge like broody hens. Gid thought. Janie didn't make an appearance until noon.

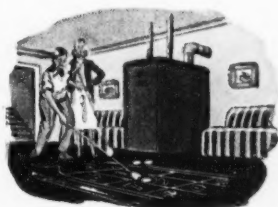
Gid saw her standing at the magazine counter. His heart started to gallop. "Hello, Janie," he said.

She smiled at him and then there as

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Helpful Hints on HOME HEATING



"JUNIOR"— Many still consider that hot water heating is only for the more elaborate homes. Not so. Even the smallest, low-cost homes can now enjoy its advantages. The increasingly popular "Viking Junior" has made this possible. It has all the features of the big hot water boilers, can be used in homes without basements, and since it requires only 42 inches headroom, it can also be installed in low ceiling cellars.

DRAINING—There is a common misconception that the heating system should be drained off every Spring to get rid of the dirty water. This is not only unnecessary, it can also be injurious to the system—because when the

system is refilled, new oxides are introduced which set up a new accumulation of rust in the boiler and piping. (NOTE: It IS desirable to drain off the domestic hot water storage tank.)

DOMESTIC HOT WATER—Surprising though it may seem, it is now possible to have an abundant supply of domestic hot water *without* having a storage tank. All who have had trouble with a leaky tank will be particularly appreciative of the new "BILTIN" tankless instantaneous coil. It is one of the features of the Viking 4700 Oil-Burning Boiler.

INFORMATION—Many booklets and folders on various aspects of home heating are now available. You will find them valuable helps whenever you are planning to install a new system or modernize the old. Among Crane



publications, for example, are:
ADM-4607—How to select the right heating system for the home.
ADM-8005—New Warden King Oil

Burner No. 4700 Series.
ADM-9002—Viking Junior Hot Water Boiler.
ADM-9008—Facts to Know about Warden King Concealed Radiation.
ADM-9013—Facts to Know about Pressure Atomizing Oil Burners.
ADM-9003—Cast Iron Radiation.
ADM-9009—Radiant Baseboard Heating.

Ask your plumbing and heating contractor for any of these, or write direct to Crane General Office—1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal.

Nothing in the home is more important to family health and comfort than an efficient heating system. Every home owner is interested in getting the greatest possible return from this essential investment. Some suggestions as to ways and means are presented here. Your plumbing and heating contractor can advise you how these and similar ideas may best be applied to your particular system.

DEFINITIONS—First to define a few terms: The commonly-used word, "furnace" is technically correct when applied to a "Warm Air Furnace", but with a hot water system (the one generally recommended), the so-called "furnace" is really a "Hot Water Boiler".

There are three basic methods of firing. *Hand-firing* refers, of course, to the time-honoured method of shovelling coal by hand. You get *mechanical operation* when you use a stoker. *Fully automatic operation* can be obtained with an oil or gas system.

RADIATION—Many types of radiators are available for your selection.



Among the most modern of systems is "Radiant Baseboard Heating". Sturdy cast iron panels radiate the heat at baseboard level to the room. They look like baseboards, are substituted for them (as is indicated in the adjoining advertisement), don't take up floor space, don't obstruct wall space. Other radiators in the Crane line are the popular free-standing (or "on leg") and wall-hung types in all standard sizes, and concealed cast iron radiators for panel or cabinet installations.

CONVERTIBILITY—It is always wise to have a heating system that can be converted from one method of firing to another and from one type of fuel to another. The advantages are obvious to all who recall the difficulties encountered when certain types of fuel were temporarily unavailable. All Crane hot water boilers are convertible.

LOCAL STOPS—It pays, too, to have Local Stops (shut-off valves) on each radiator. Then you can regulate the heat in any particular room as desired without affecting the rest of the house. In this connection it should be noted that it is not necessary to remove the housing from Radiant Baseboard Panel in order to regulate their valves. They are regulated by a foot-operated lever through the enclosure.

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a long silence. He didn't know whether she wanted to admit she'd been seasick or not. "I guess this ship has shed that cocklebur she was carrying under her saddle," he said.

"Yes, I guess it has," she replied, then added quickly, "Gid, thank you very much for looking after me." Then they stood there, Janie staring at the magazines and Gid staring at Janie.

"Like to go up on deck?" he asked. They climbed to the deck and looked over the rail at a sea as placid as a Monday wash. She didn't speak for a long time, then she turned and said, "Gid, when you're not feeling very well, you might get sort of muddled up, don't you think—get things all out of proportion?"

She paused but Gid said nothing. She went on. She seemed almost to be pleading for his reassurance. "I guess when you're sick, your emotions get all mixed up. And you don't really know what to do. I suppose the thing to do is wait until things are normal, and then everything gets back where it should be." She seemed to have reached a decision. Gid didn't feel this was the time to argue with her. After an awkward silence she went below.

"Well at least she's all mixed up," Gid muttered glumly after she had left him. All afternoon Janie stolidly devoted her attention to the book on marriage. Gid watched her as warily as he would a half-broken mare in the corral back home. "Mixed up and tired out," he said to himself. "Now if I could only figure a way to slip that bridle on—"

THE SHIP'S dance was scheduled for that evening. Gid laid his plans as carefully as if he were stalking a bobtail deer. And just before dinner, his bridle, looking much less exuberant, made her appearance.

"Why, Caroline, it's mighty nice to see you," he exclaimed.

She looked startled. "Why, Gid, boy. I didn't know you cared. Did you miss me?"

He said he had and then they went for a walk, the blonde clinging to his arm while she confided that she was feeling a little weak. They passed Janie, and Gid pretended to be so engrossed with what the blonde was saying that he didn't notice her. Then they sat in the lounge and the blonde told Gid a long, sad story. She said it was the story of her life and Gid was very sympathetic. Just before tea he dropped the word "dance" into the conversation and she said she'd be delighted to go to the ship's dance.

That night as he swung her out on the floor for the first waltz, she had a far-away look as though acres and acres of rich ranch lands stretched before her eyes. Over her shoulder Gid watched the big doors to the ballroom as eagerly as a terrier at the top of a gopher hole. But no Janie.

The dance was half over. "Dang fool!" he said to himself. "Now you've done it. Tossed the ketch rope too fast for sure." But just then Janie appeared at the door, her book tucked under her arm. She looked around curiously, as though she had just happened by on her way to the library.

She surveyed the floor, carefully avoiding Gid's eyes, then turned to go. Gid jerked the blonde around so violently she whispered protestingly, "Whoa there, Gid boy, we almost lost a stirrup!"

But the night was saved. Just as Janie reached the door a tall spectacled young man touched her on the arm and asked her to dance. Then, at the end of the dance, Gid manoeuvred the blonde to a spot right beside Spectacles. Then, while Spectacles asked the blonde for the next dance. It was a waltz, and Gid found himself out on the floor with Janie in his arms.

She fitted there as if she had been ordered by the catalogue in just the right size. They danced around to the far door. "Janie," he said, "there's something I reckon I should tell you. Will you come outside?"

She began to protest, but he hustled her through the crowd at the door and out on deck. The sea murmured to itself. The moonlight played on Janie's curls. Gid took a tight rein on himself. "Janie," he said. "I want to tell you that you were right about this marriage business. You've got to be scientific. Not just picking up any old how like a piece of tumbleweed. I've figured the whole thing out—scientifically, that is, and"—he slipped the last words in like the bit of a bridle, "I've decided to marry Caroline, if she'll have me."

Janie gasped. She started toward him. "But Gid," she protested, "are you sure? Gid, it isn't anything—" Then the last words came out in a rush, "Gid, I don't want you to."

He almost had the bridle on, now. No sudden moves, then—but just at that moment he heard the blonde's voice. "Gid, honey," she said. "Where have you been? The dance is over and I've been looking all over for you." She was carrying a silver-fox jacket. She sidled up to him, slipped her hand through his arm and stared coldly at Janie. Janie looked back doubtfully at the blonde.

"How about going back to the dance—all together," Gid suggested. His throat was as dry as a gulch in a drought.

Janie seemed to have reached a decision. "No," she said. She had that look of trying to remember what the book said. Gid braced himself. "I think we should all stay here and talk for a few minutes," said Janie. "It might be important."

The blonde looked questioningly at Gid. Gid looked at Janie.

"Sit down," said Janie, and they sat down on the little bench that ran along the side of the engine room.

Janie turned to the blonde, "What are your interest patterns?" she asked in a businesslike voice.

"Huh!" gulped the blonde.

"Your interest patterns. And do you consider yourself socially, intellectually and emotionally mature?"

"Wait a minute," protested the blonde. "What's going on here?"

"We're only trying to find out whether you're suited," explained Janie patiently. "You've reached an adult attitude toward the problems of your formative years, haven't you?"

"Look here," said the blonde. "I've got better things to do than sit on this cold deck and throw around big words—"

"I'm sorry," said Janie, "but it's really terribly important to get all these things settled if you're going to get married."

"Married!" The blonde descended on the word like an eagle swooping off with a field mouse.

"Oh, I'm sorry," apologized Janie, "but I thought Gid had asked—"

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"Gid, boy!" The blonde nearly knocked him off the seat with her eagerness. "Were you too shy, you poor darling? Oh, honey, I had a feeling—"

GID COULD almost hear the swish of the lariat falling neatly over his head. He leaped to his feet. "Ma'am," he protested. "I'm sorry. Janie—Miss Patterson—has things all wrong. I—well I can't—"

The blonde interrupted, and started to twine her arms around him. "It's all right," she said tenderly. "I understand. You wanted to do it with moonlight and roses."

Gid cast a desperate glance at Janie who was standing perfectly still watching. Then he pushed the blonde away, not even very gently. "I can't marry you, ma'am." He had to get off this bronco but fast. He took a flying leap. "I'm a married man, ma'am. Got a wife—and six kids," he added desperately.

The blonde stepped back. Suddenly her face looked very hard, even by moonlight. "Why of all the lowdown heels!" She bit off every word. "Lead me on to believe—Why you big dumb hick!" She picked up the silver-fox jacket, tossed it over her shoulders, and stalked off. Her heels made sharp hollow sounds on the deck.

Gid stood with his back to the wall, panting. Janie surveyed him steadily.

"You were lying," she said.

"Yes," said Gid.

"You're not married?"

"No."

"No kids?"

"No," admitted Gid.

"Then it was all a trick to try to fool me and make me get emotionally involved with you?"

The way she put it, it didn't sound very clever to Gid now.

"I think it's contemptible," said Janie. "Trying to trick a girl like that. Deliberately trying to mix up her reasoning power and work on her emotions! Why—why—it's romantic!" And with that final condemnation she left too.

Next morning, as the boat edged through the fog into Liverpool, Gid felt as sad as a three months' drought. Well, he'd look at the bulls, book passage for home, and sail as soon as possible.

When the signal came over the box to land, he picked up his solitary suitcase and started for the gangplank. Just as he reached the top, he saw Janie. She was struggling along with two hatboxes, a suitcase and a purse. Just as Gid reached her she dropped one of the hatboxes.

With a face as immobile as a totem pole Gid picked it up and carried it down the gangplank. He stopped at the bottom. A tall man in a bowler hat stepped forward. "Janie, my dear," he said. Gid didn't like the man's voice. The man was wearing lemon-colored gloves. Gid didn't like the gloves either—or the man's face, which looked as though it had been drawn with a ruler. "George!"

"I won't kiss you, my dear," the tall man said. "I've a bit of a cold and I don't want to pass it on."

There was an embarrassed silence. Janie filled it in with Gid. "George," she said. "This is Mr. McIvor. He helped me with my things."

"How do you do, Mr. McIvor?"

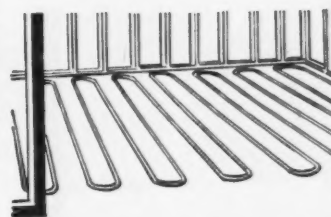
Gid felt he had been greeted—and

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16. Basements are unnecessary with modern heating systems. A ground floor utility room will serve the purpose. The floor may be wood joist construction, raised above ground, or concrete poured directly on the ground. The latter lends itself to Radiant Panel Heating. Anaconda Copper Tubes to circulate hot water may be laid in the concrete.

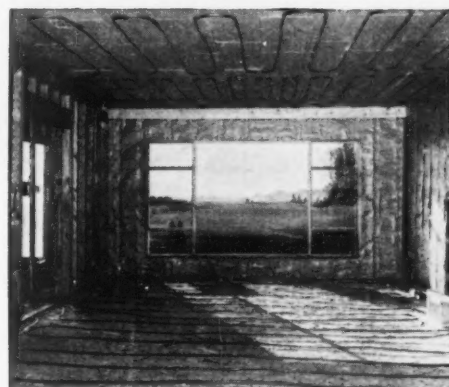


17. Asphalt tile is an excellent finish for concrete slabs laid on the ground. It resists moisture and alkali action. Hardwood, linoleum, etc. can be used if proper precautions are taken. Wood floors do not require special preparation except that a plywood sub floor is needed with asphalt tile, linoleum or wall-to-wall carpeting. Quarry tile is recommended for vestibules and fireplace hearths, ceramic tile for bathrooms.

18. Dry wall finishes, permitted in many localities, don't require skilled plasterers. Fireproof gypsum sheets look like plaster when their joints are taped and filled. Wood fibre board, in the form of ceiling blocks or wall panels, insulates against heat loss and sound. Plywoods and hardwoods are attractive finishes. Asbestos-cement sheets are ideal for kitchens and bathrooms.



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dismissed. And he felt angry. He set down the suitcase. "Just a minute," he said. Then he stepped up to Janie, took her in his arms, tipped her head back and started to kiss her, roughly and thoroughly.

Faintly he heard George protesting, "Janie, this man—"

Gid paused for just a few seconds. "It's all right," he explained reasonably. "It's just a common physical attraction. It doesn't mean a thing." He turned back to Janie and the business in hand.

"See here," said George. Gid felt his hand on his shoulder. He shook it off and went on kissing Janie. Suddenly he was whirled around. A fist flashed into his face.

Champion boxer in his sophomore year, eh?

As calmly as if he were raising his hand to tip his hat Gid smashed a hard right to George's jaw. George crumpled.

You're Not for Me

Continued from page 12

figure—and her figure she knew was good. His eyes descended to ankles trim even in the shapeless moes.

"No," Cox said it very slowly, very deliberately. "Maybe for someone else but not for me, baby."

He turned his back on her and then walked away.

HE WALKED over to Suellen as though he had just made up his mind about something. He straight-armed Dick Mason. Dick was big, but Cox was bigger.

"Break it up, break it up. Make way for the Great Coxey." His face broke into his famous grin as he wedged himself between the two of them, an arm around each.

"Go away, Cox." Suellen used her eyes on Cox in the way that Mag had tried to imitate. "Run along and be nice to Mag for a while."

She said it loud enough for Mag to hear.

"Oh, I'm all right." Mag said it quickly, nervously, smiling her bright pitiful smile. She watched Dick Mason and Cox shoving amiably away at each other around Suellen, and she wanted to be anywhere in the world except where she was, but she didn't—yet—want to die. At the moment all she wanted to do was run away.

Dr. Chad, circling the deck with his pretty wife, paused, seeing Mag standing there alone. Dr. Chad was an instructor in the Mathematics Department, and still young enough and new enough to take his responsibilities as official chaperon for this trip with a great degree of seriousness.

"What's this? What's this? No swain in attendance?" he bumbled, unaware of his wife's tactfully restraining hand. Mrs. Chad knew all about girls like Mag and why they stood alone at the railing on trips like this, with bright set smiles on their faces and with absent escorts. Mrs. Chad knew that the kindest thing to do for a girl like Mag was not to take notice of what was happening to her.

"No swain at all." Mag laughed to show that this was only a joke. Her laughter was too shrill and tight. "I guess there must be something the matter with me."

The bowler hat rolled off and rolled crazily back and forth on the dock. The shock of the contact flashed right up to Gid's shoulder socket—and it felt good.

He turned to Janie. "I'm sorry," he said politely. Then he tipped his stetson, picked up his suitcase and walked off down the dock.

He had barely gone 10 steps when he heard his name and steps running after him. He turned. Janie stood there, her lips were slightly parted, a puzzled little frown puckered her forehead. "Gid," she asked, her voice trembling on the verge of tears, "you were right, weren't you, about science being wrong sometimes—like the earth being flat—"

Gid had never needed a book to tell him what to do, and he was through with fiddle-footing around with plans. Janie was standing there, and he was on solid earth at last—and he knew just what to do.

She should never have said it. It was too close to the truth. Mrs. Chad turned her eyes away in pity and Dr. Chad flushed.

"Nonsense. An attractive girl like you—"

His voice died away as though aware of his own insincerity. Mrs. Chad walked him off before he could say anything more.

It was too bad. But that's the way things go with girls like Mag Enderby.

It shouldn't have mattered too much. There are other things to college life besides men, and she had discovered a few of them. She had found the joy of books and she had discovered that she had a small talent of her own at putting words together. Yes, there are other things to college life besides men.

Or are there?

Were there for you when you were 18?

SHE STOOD beside the railing alone, watching the others—the girls with their bright casual laughter, their certainty, the boys who were smiling down at them; the couples dancing in the small inner cabin to the music of the portable phonograph they had brought along, the hoydenish and the show-offs cavorting across the deck, the couples secluded in corners—but all of them in couples. And Suellen with her triangle, her two males competing against each other for her favor. Suellen with her soft blond hair and her green eyes that held within them some secret which Mag was never to know.

Standing there watching Vashon Island come into sight through the grey mist Mag ran away from them all. She let her mind run far away, back to her own home town, back to the gate of the comfortable shabby little brown house. She opened the gate and walked in. Her mother and Cissie were in the kitchen. Cissie was shelling peas, her brown pig-tails bobbing, and Mom was ironing. Something was bubbling on the stove sending a fragrance into the room, and Smoky was walking with cat care between the rows of geraniums on the window sill. Her mother put down the iron and pushed her greying hair away from her tired face. Her mother took out from her apron pocket the letter that Mag would write tomorrow night, because she wrote home every Saturday night.

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"hasn't scratched yet!"

She began writing the letter in her mind:

I'm here at this house party, Mama, and I'm having a wonderful time. As I told you in my last letter, Suellen's family have this summer home on Vashon Island but they won't be there, they're off on a trip somewhere, but you don't have to worry because Dr. Chad and his wife are chaperoning. The house is very lovely . . .

(It was sure to be lovely. Everything that touched Suellen was sure to be something out of a picture book, part of a world Mag Enderby would never otherwise know. She would describe the place in detail because her mother always wanted to hear all about places like this. Her mother had pinched and scraped and hoarded her widow's pennies to give Mag this chance. Her mother hadn't gone to college, she'd only read books about it.)

The ferry rounded a greenly wooded cove and stopped at the private dock that belonged to Suellen's family. The house was long and low and rustic in a moneyed way. It was exactly the kind of house her mother was going to enjoy in the letter.

She wrote the letter at eight o'clock that Saturday night in the room that Suellen had assigned to her. The rain was beating against the window as she wrote. It had begun to rain soon after they arrived and it had rained all that night and all the next day. It was still raining. She mentioned the rain in her letter, but carefully so that it would not give her mother the impression that it had spoiled their fun.

Downstairs a few couples were dancing to the tinny radio and at a card table in one corner Dr. Chad and his wife were playing gin rummy; most of the others were seated in desultory fashion around the huge fireplace. The cushion Mag had left when she went up to write her letter was still there, a little apart from the others. She sat down. No one seemed to have noticed her absence, no one now seemed to notice her presence. Cox wasn't around. She smiled her stiff awkward smile and made herself small on the cushion, leaving half of it free as though someone would be coming soon to share it with her.

THE FRONT door opened and Cox came in. He was almost staggering under the weight of a huge log and the raindrops were thick on his lashes and on his hair.

"No use letting the fire die down when you've got the Great Coxey around."

He deposited it carefully on the fire, but the big log smoldered wetly, damping the blaze.

"A fine fixer-upper! You fixed it all right, Cox!" Suellen smiled lazily, her head resting against Dick Mason's shoulder. "And while you were gone, Dick took your place." She moved over the tiniest fraction of an inch, and the way she did it was a lesson in provocation. She laughed up into Cox's face. "This is all you can have. This is absolutely all I'm going to give you."

"Oh, yeah?" Cox picked Suellen up and held her so that her feet dangled above the fire. Suellen kicked slender, lovely legs and screamed: "Stop it, Cox! Do you hear me?"

"Sure." Cox dumped her down beside

Dick Mason. He dusted off his hands on the seat of his pants, as though in dismissal of Suellen and her devious ways. He swaggered over to where Mag still sat hopelessly on the smaller half of the cushion.

"Thanks for keeping my seat warm, pal."

He sat down so that his back was toward her. Leaning against her with casual contempt he began to declaim: "It was a wild and stormy night—"

The others took him up on it, chanting it happily and monotonously over and over. Mag chanted with the rest, her voice too high and shrill. She didn't know what to do with her hands or with the curve of her body. After a while she stood up, self-consciously. Cox sprawled his length across the cushion, as though he had been waiting for her to leave.

Dr. Chad put aside his cards, as though some atmosphere in the room had made him suddenly conscious of his official duties.

"Shall I show them the Mobius Twist, my dear?" He didn't wait for his wife to answer. "A strip of paper—any kind of paper—some paste and a pencil, please."

Freed, Mag ran to fetch them for him. She seated herself almost happily in the group at his feet. This was familiar, this was the classroom. Here she was no longer the outsider, the odd one who could never learn the magic that meant admission to the inner circle.

Smiling, boyish, strutting like a conjurer, Dr. Chad held before them a strip of white notepaper. "Nothing up my sleeve—but observe now, please!" He put a twist in one end of the paper and then pasted the two ends together so that it formed a circle with a twist in it. He scrawled an X on the paper and held it up for all to see. "I have placed my mark on the outside surface of this strip. Right?"

Mag Enderby nodded brightly. "Now, from this mark we will draw a line around the entire outside surface, continuing as far as we can go." The pencil drew its track along the strip. It reached the joined ends and continued without a break until it had once more reached the X that had been its starting point.

"Now which is the inside and which is the outside?" Dr. Chad asked, triumphantly, holding the paper aloft.

The pencil had left its mark on both sides of the paper.

"But how—?" someone asked.

Dr. Chad shrugged, smiled. "Ah. That is only one of the bits of sleight-of-hand by which the universe continually reminds us how little we understand. A simple twist of the wrist, if I may use that phrase, and what was Outside is now inseparable from what was Inside. And even if you break the strip now, the mark will be on the whole." He showed them—and it was so.

Because he was a teacher, he launched into explanation anyway. But Mag was no longer listening. She was looking at Suellen—and wondering by what simple twist one became the girl on the inside rim instead of a lonely walker on the outside.

When Dr. Chad went back to his gin rummy, Mag wandered over to the piano because she didn't know what else to do with herself. She began to play "Barbara Allen," humming it softly and lonesomely.

She did not know that Cox had joined

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her until he sat down, hogging most of the bench.

"Here. Let the Great Coxe show you how to be popular in one easy lesson." His big hands roamed with certainty across the keyboard. He threw back his head and his voice sang through the room. "There she stands, a lovely creature, Who she is I do not know. I will court her for her beauty—"

She did not know how it had happened nor why. But she had a feeling she had better not question the gift of this moment too closely. Timidly at first and then joyously she let her voice join his: "Let her answer yes or no."

This was it. This was the way she had known it could be. This was what her mother had wanted for her.

The others began to drift toward the piano.

Suellen joined them, with Dick Mason trailing her. Suellen ignored Mag. She leaned against the keyboard, facing Cox; and her elbows crashed discordance across the keys. "It's stopped raining," Suellen told Cox softly. "And there's moonlight, Coxe. Let's go swimming."

"Go away!" Cox chopped his hand down, hard, on Suellen's wrist. "Go play house with Dick Mason some more. Me, I'm having a good time right here."

Suellen nursed her wrist and laughed in his face.

"All right! Remember, I gave you your chance. If you won't go swimming by moonlight with me, there are always others who will."

She ran toward the staircase. "Come on, everybody."

Dick Mason lumbered playfully after her. The gin players scarcely looked up from their cards, but most of the others followed.

Cox went on sitting on the piano bench, with Mag beside him. He sat with his powerful shoulders hunched and his hands immobile on the keyboard and his eyes were blind.

Mag, made overbold by pity and tenderness, touched his shoulder.

"Skip it!" He stood up and closed the piano. He looked down at Mag. "Whatever it is, skip it," he told her, very deliberately. "I have a date to go swimming in the moonlight with my girl. Didn't you hear?"

SHE SAT alone on the piano bench for quite a while after he had left her. She sat there until all the swimmers had come down the stairs again and had rushed joyfully out to meet the water and the moonlight. Finally she too walked up the stairs to her room. She took from its tissue-paper shroud the new white bathing suit she had bought for this occasion. She tucked her dark hair out of sight under the white rubber cap with fingers that scarcely trembled.

She took a last look at herself in the mirror. She noticed with strange detachment the Viking heads that were carved across the wooden top. They stared at her, with no more and no less interest than any of the men she had known.

The letter to her mother still lay on the table. Very carefully, concentrating all her attention on what she had written, she read it through again:

... wonderful time and I want to thank you again for all the sacrifices I know you made to let me come. Did I tell you that Cox Blainey is my date? He's really Suellen's but

"ME, JOHN? ME— UNRESPONSIVE—COLD?"



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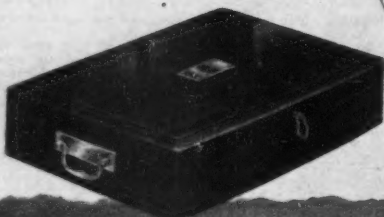
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they had a fight. He's very nice. He acts rude sometimes but that's just his way. And even if he never asks me out again it means something to have had a date with the Great Coxey. Because if someone like Cox notices you, then others will too.

That was where she had stopped. She picked up her pen and added a few words.

"The moon is out and everybody's going swimming now. I've never swum by moonlight, mama. I think it is going to be very beautiful to go swimming in the moonlight."

Dr. Chad was spreading his cards on the table in a triumphal sweep when she came down the stairs.

"Ah. Going for a swim with the others, er—Mag?"

His voice seemed to hold satisfaction at having remembered the name of this glum girl, this nonentity.

"Yes," she said. "I'm—going for a swim."

There were floodlights near the diving board, supplementing the moonlight. From the shadows of the porch steps

Mag could see Suellen posed upon the diving board and hear her squeal as Cox shoved her off and then jackknifed behind her. She could hear the laughter of the others too and see shadowy bobbing heads and white arms flashing in the water and a beach ball tossed high in the air. If there was ever a moment to engrave upon one's memory as a symbol of all that being young could mean, this was it.

She walked blindly away from them all, across the beach grass and the night-cold sand. Around a curve of unfamiliar beach she found a gaunt pine leaning out over the water's edge. She looked at it numbly, wondering what it was doing away off here, all by itself, far from the other trees.

"You don't belong here. Don't you know that?" she told it. But for a moment she leaned against its rough bark for comfort. Then she waded out into the water and began to swim.

The tides are bottlenecked in the narrows. A young girl on a party goes out alone for a moonlight swim—and perhaps she hasn't known how strong the tides are that she must fight against. Or perhaps she has suddenly become too tired to fight any more...

Continued on page 49



Research chemist examines Chan sponge mop before detailed analysis is carried out as part of the Institute Seal of Approval routine.

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Canadian Canners Ltd., Hamilton Canada

by Mary Jukes

Editor, Consumer Relations

Who wants a PERFECT HUSBAND?

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the answer to a happy marriage—
unless you're an angel too

HAVE YOU ever thought what a horror life would be if you had a perfect man facing you across the table for the rest of your life—

"If you're going to keep love alive after marriage you have to work harder at it than at any other career—"

No, a man didn't make these pronouncements, nor a group of men. They are conclusions reached by the majority of Chatelaine's 2,000 councilors, women ranging in age from young brides to those who have been working at the same job, marriage, for more than 20 years.

Over a period of time Chatelaine has been going, not to psychologists, nor to a few of the so-called experts for answers to questions dealing with woman's domain, but to the women themselves—women with wife-time experience.

To our latest question, "What is the cream of your philosophy concerning a happy marriage?" they have given us some frank, simple, down-to-earth statements. Here they are, the opinions of the majority, culled from over a million words penned by nearly 2,000 wives.

In their searching self-examination the majority of our councilors regard nagging as one of the most dangerous pitfalls. In the opinion of a New Brunswick wife, between the age of 34 and 45, "Nothing destroys marriage so quickly and completely as constant nagging and bickering."

A Saskatchewan wife, over 45, counsels, "For goodness' sake, be good-humored. An irritable bad-tempered woman or man depresses everyone in the home. Ill-humor is a terrible vice."

A young councilor, under 25, living in Ontario, confesses, "My husband and I used to argue at the drop of a hat, but when we discovered it was never over anything worth while, we stopped." Another young Ontario bride contends, "I don't think anything will drive a man berserk quicker than a wife who is continually nagging and fault-finding."

A New Brunswick councilor relates this experience: In a butcher shop recently an Italian auto mechanic was airing his views on marriage. He turned to her and asked, "Lady, do you know why I walk out when my wife begins to nag? So I won't hit her. I've never hit her yet and I don't want to begin." And just to drive the point

all the way home we'll quote a British Columbia wife with over 20 years of marriage to her credit, "A nagging wife or a too house-proud wife can break up a marriage. A house should be a home to a man and he shouldn't be expected to treat it as though it owned him—'don't rumple that cushion—don't use that towel—don't smoke in that room.'"

A Quebec wife makes this suggestion, "Before you speak, sit down and think over whatever is annoying you about your husband, because often within the next hour something will happen to uncover an undreamed-of virtue."

Although many women talk about marriage being a 50-50 affair, a great number feel that the wife must go more than halfway, that it's her job to "pull off a successful marriage." Enlarging on this theme, an Ontario woman between the age of 34 and 45 says, "In some ways I feel that the success or failure of any marriage rests at least 75% with the wife because the home is the base of her operations. While her hands are busy with the mechanical duties of



housekeeping, her thoughts are free to mull over the problems of family relationships, so actually she makes double use of her time. This gives her an advantage over her husband who has to expend all his wits to keep in the business swim. It lies with the wife to decide whether 'home' to her husband is a refuge to which he retreats at the end of a hard day, or a battleground which he leaves in the morning not actually ready to face the world and do justice to his job."

Somewhat in the same vein another Ontario councilor advises, "Summon a smile when you first say good morning, even if your eyeballs feel like burnt holes in a blanket and you'd give a king's ransom for an extra 40 winks."

A Saskatchewan councilor feels that "cheerfulness is a must." Nothing saps ambition quite as much as living with a perpetual wet blanket." And a 1949 bride says, "In marriage I believe it must be a matter not so much of give and take as of selfless whole-hearted giving. Marriage isn't a football, it can't be kicked around. I think that love and marriage should be labeled Fragile, Handle with Care!"

But it takes a Quebec councilor really to hand it out to the gals. "It might surprise you if you knew what your husband expected to get when he married you and what he really got . . . Having lots of faults myself, I have learned that two thirds of a successful marriage depends on the wife."

Less Pity and More Work

A New Brunswick councilor voices the opinion of many women when she gives "the honeymoon rapture just about four months before the rude awakening." She feels that the astonished little bride is apt to ask, "Romance—has it gone?" And her reply is, "Yes, dearie, it happens to the best of us. What to do is the question. Take it from me, an old veteran with 14 years of married life salted away, don't pity yourself! Go to work! That's what I said, *work!* Love alone never constituted a marriage. You have to contribute a great deal more than you ever expect to get out of it. What about the 50-50 proposition, you ask? Whoever thought that one up? Strictly, from a woman's point of view, disregard that old line and add 40% to your 50% and you're nearer the mark."

She goes on to say, "Love, tolerance and faith—these are your strongest weapons. And take it from me, you have to overwork them many a time. Pride will get you nowhere. Throw it out. You loved the guy when you married him and you married him for better or worse. Okay, you have difficulties, but can you find one single soul who hasn't? Don't lose your perspective. You started a fine life, now finish that way. Take the bad with the good. There will be times when in order to win you'll have to lose; in order to be loved, to love more. It's a challenge all the way but it's good for you; keeps you on your toes."

More Poise—Less Poison

And she concludes with, "Have courage, love and hope. Make them work. That team is hard to beat. Your reward will be the glow in his eyes. How happy can you get?"

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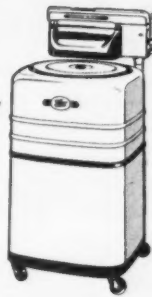
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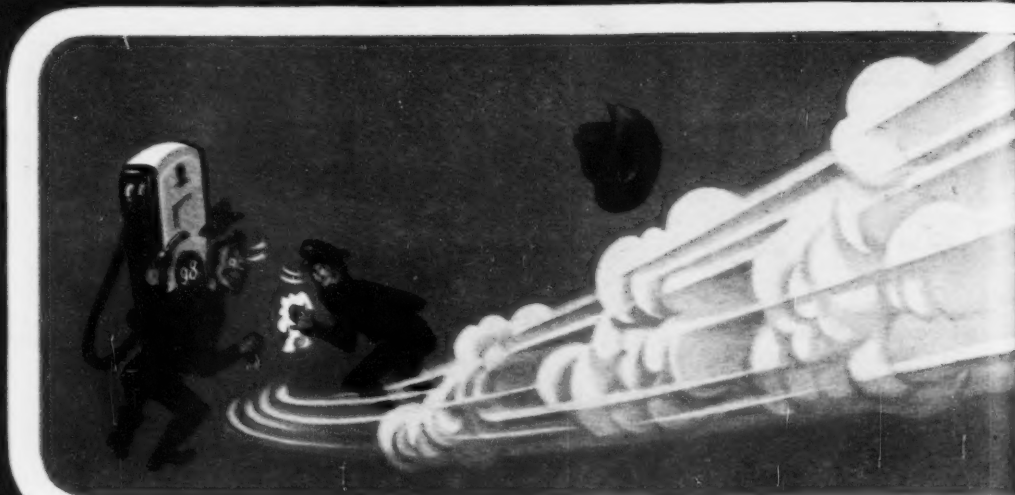
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tween the age of 24 and 35 gives us this picture: "You are at a dance. Your dearly beloved saunters in from the patio with a clinging vine on his arm and lipstick on his face. Remember your blood pressure. Merely comment in well-modulated tones, 'Elmer, darling, that shade of lipstick clashes horribly with your tie.'"

A great many women emphasize the importance of *speaking* your love as well as *feeling* it. A Saskatchewan wife thinks, "There are only a few difficulties or disagreements that cannot be ironed out or minimized if the conversation starts with, 'I love you, darling, now what were you saying?'"

This is echoed by another Saskatchewan woman who says, "It's been said a woman likes to hear often that her husband loves her. This is true, but in my 27 years of marriage I have discovered my husband likes to be told the same. I believe it is one of the greatest 'sparks' to marriage."

As a young married woman living in Quebec advises, "Go to the trouble of being considerate of your husband. If you were rude to friends and didn't make your home a comfortable place for them, you would soon lose them. Make up your mind to be happy and have a successful marriage—you will."

Put Soft Soap on the Menu

Another Manitoba bride says, "Heading the list I would put courtesy and tact. A bit of soft soap, praise, unexpected affection are so necessary." And an Alberta councilor has discovered, "Flattery is like perfume, meant to be smelled, not swallowed."

Regarding the quest and demand for nothing short of perfection, a New Brunswick councilor says, "So many people seem to feel cheated if everything isn't perfect from the beginning."

Although fewer women seem to look upon "drink" as a major problem, here's a thoughtful comment from an Ontario wife: "There comes a time when a great emptiness assails you if your life has been centred around the cocktail bar and home-drinking parties. It is at these affairs that the other man's wife, or the other woman's husband, is viewed in a befuddled, rosy-hued light. This is the kind of thing that makes the next morning's chores even more distasteful than usual."

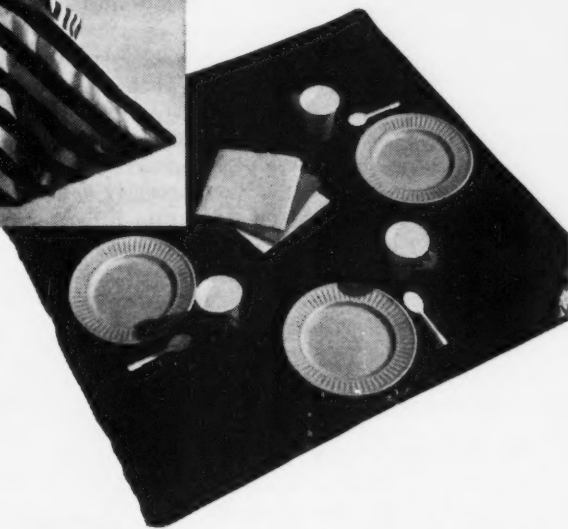
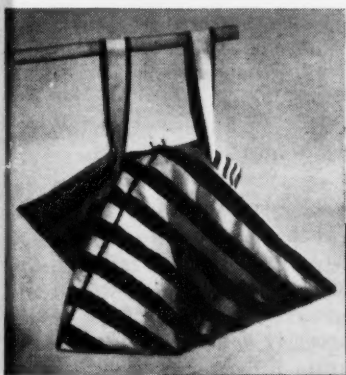
Luckier Than We Know

A Quebec woman recalls a conversation she had once with an old sea captain. "One day you will be married, and have a home of your own and your marriage will be just what you make it. Remember this, lass, the women in this country are the luckiest in the world. In France you are a woman of the street unless you have a 'dot.' In Spain the men allow their wives to do manual labor—I have seen women loading the boats. I have also seen Armenian girls sold under the hammer to the Turks."

In summing up their philosophy for a happy marriage, nearly every single woman tucks in somewhere, "the ability to laugh at yourself. The importance of laughing with your husband."

As an Ontario wife advises, "Above all, don't take life too seriously. Remember, none of us gets out of it alive."

SET FOR A PICNIC



A-PICNICKING you'll go these warm week ends, and for a happy-go-lucky outing you'll be glad of this versatile beach bag. No worries about losing things en route because of hasty packing . . . the bag fastens neatly and securely. Come sandwich-time, it opens to become a hardy luncheon cloth you can wash off with flip-of-the-wrist ease. Secret is in the zippers, plastic film lining, clever construction. It's wonderfully waterproof, too, for toting damp beach togs at the end of an active day. Make it of hardy sailcloth for best wear—in fashion-bright stripes.

Instructions for making may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Order No. S-242, price 10c.



sit-awhile kitchen:

Here's a kitchen so pleasant you'll even want to loaf in it! Of course, the more time you spend here, the more you'll appreciate the beauty, the ease-of-cleaning, the long-lastingness of a Gold Seal Congoleum Rug.

Congoleum has a wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel equal in thickness to 8 coats of best floor paint applied by hand. And it's the only enamel surface floor covering with the famous money-back guarantee. Look for it on the rug you buy!

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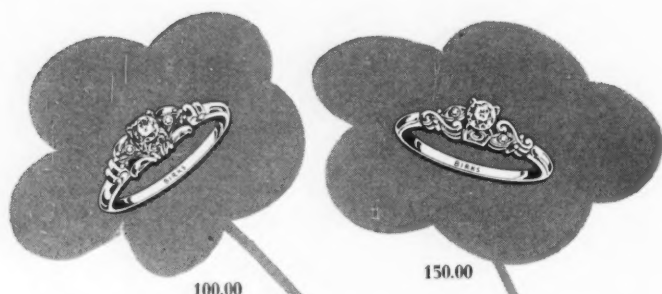


CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED MONTREAL

IT'S FROM



BIRKS



Love in Bloom

Spring is the loveliest of Seasons for that gift of Romance—a Birks Diamond! We suggest you visit your nearest Birks store to admire the beauty of the new settings created by our Jewel Studios for 1950. Each Diamond has been approved by our Certified Gemologists . . . each ring is of exclusive design!

Sterling Silver Presentation Case and Insurance Certificate at no extra cost

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RIDEAU MATCHED SETS
Set illustrated (with 10 diamonds) 200.00
Six-diamond Set 130.00
Two-diamond Set 80.00

BIRKS

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SMOOTH

June—time for you to come out in the sun . . . sweet and poised . . . with arms and legs smooth as marble

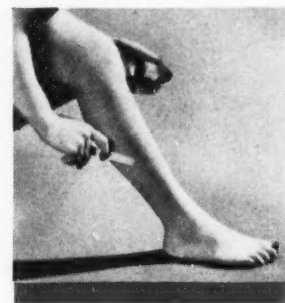
WHILE A woman's curl crown has been called her glory, unwanted hair is a different story. The gal with more than her share of hair can't hope to look very fair when bare. So join our hair ways and means committee . . . and you can be a smooth summer pretty.

Removing hair will never make it grow back thick and woolly—or plenty of men would be well-thatched instead of bald. You have a fixed number of hair follicles—so go ahead and whisk away the fuzz on the peach. Particularly, remove underarm hair, for not only is it unsightly but it retains perspiration, puts two strikes against your deodorant from the start. Follow printed directions exactly, and top off your cleanup campaign with cooling lotion.



ELECTROLYSIS is the only method of removing hair permanently. The hair papilla is destroyed by means of electric current passing through a needle. Because it is slow and expensive, electrolysis is impractical for large areas like the legs, is best for specific problem hairs. Consult your doctor, who will recommend a dermatologist or specialist in this work.

HEATED WAX DEPILATORY removes feather bits from your legs or face (don't attempt waxing underarms yourself). Wash your skin and dry it; apply talc. Melt the wax by placing container in a shallow dish of hot water over low heat. When it is honey-thin, test it on your wrist. Paint it on with applicator, against the hair growth. Keep edges thick. When the wax is brittle-dry work your nail under one corner and rip off the strip in a single sweep against the hair growth. If you are removing hair on the upper lip do the job in two parts, working *in* from the outer corners of the mouth to the centre. Hold your tongue against mouth corner for support. If chin hairs are your problem put wax on in circle. In this area hair grows straight out, so pull any-which-way. Waxing is thought to discourage hair growth, need not be repeated for six weeks. The wax can be used over and over.



CREAM DEPILATORY contains active chemicals which dissolve unwanted hair. Spread on the scented cream (don't rub), then wait for the chemicals to react. After it dries, rinse away with a damp cloth.

AN ABRASIVE is a mineral disc for use on the legs, on the face. Effective if hair is not too troublesome. Be sure your skin is smooth and dry before you begin. Holding the skin taut rotate the disc with a feather touch till hair disappears.

Shaving ensures smooth underarms and legs if you have a sharp new blade in your razor, hot suds in a bowl, a very steady hand. New growth will feel coarse because it has been cut across, leaving a blunt edge.

and SWEET

by Eileen Morris
Beauty Editor

THE WOMAN who calls a deodorant needless is more than likely completely heedless. A daily bath leaves you clean and dear—a deodorant *keeps* you nice to be near. So protect your dresses, your suits and your poise by using one of grooming's joys.

Your needs are different from your neighbors'; experiment amid the many preparations on the market till you find the one for you. Some neutralize odor but do not check perspiration; others prevent both odor and moisture. But all are designed to keep you sweet as a pink. Follow directions and apply the product on clean skin.

CREAM DEODORANTS—Some not only eliminate odor but also check moisture; others stick to the single task of destroying odor. A cream is generally kinder to a sensitive skin than a liquid, though it protects for a shorter length of time. This means you must apply it daily. Cream vanishes on the skin, is gentle to fine fabrics. It is usually most satisfactory for the woman who does not find perspiration heavy.

ANTIPERSPIRANTS are mainly crystal-clear liquids with a strong astringent effect, contracting the pores and thus blocking perspiration outlets. Excellent if you require strong underarm methods. Most antiperspirants stop perspiration from three to five days, depending on timing of application. For complete security, try this overnight method: pat on the liquid with cotton, allow to dry and rinse. (Haste can cause injury to fabric.) In the morning rinse the armpits again, dry and talc. When applying a perspiration preventive be sure that 24 hours have elapsed since shaving or using depilatory.

SPRAY-ON LIQUIDS check perspiration and odor, are designed for daily use. Tissue off the squeeze-bottle each time so no residue forms to clog the atomizer. If the opening should clog, free it with a pin. Always hold bottle upright when spraying.

PAD-METHOD DEODORANTS are fabric circlets saturated with a special deodorant. There's just enough moisture on each pad to dab both underarms. You then simply throw the pad away. Underarms stay dry and free from odor.

As well as a basic grooming check, discover the pleasure of extra safeguards . . . particularly when the thermometer climbs and you feel warm and uncomfortable. Splash fragrant deodorant cologne across your shoulder blades, on your arms, throat and at your waist. Nice, too, for moist palms or a damp brow. A cloud of deodorant talc also gives you all-over body protection. As well, dust it into your girdle for smoothness; shake a little into your shoes, on your feet.



IT'S FROM

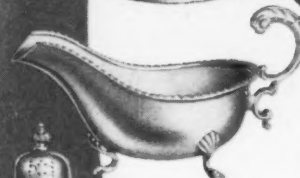
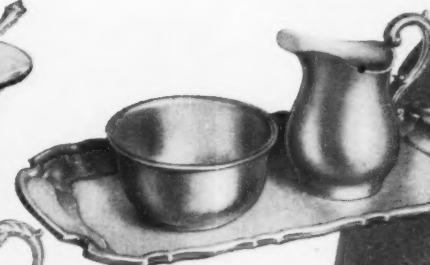


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*Fortunate the Spring
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Illustrated are a few interesting examples:

Two-light Candelabra, height 5 3/4-inch; pair, 45.00.

Crystal Mayonnaise Bowl, with sterling base and ladle, 10.50.

Cream Jug and Sugar, 21.00. Tray, length 10 1/2-inch, 30.00. Three pieces, 51.00.

Sauce Boat, 1/2-pint, 27.00.

Sugar Dredger, height 6-inch, 13.50.

Tea and Coffee Service in Hampstead Engraved pattern; Four piece set, 305.00. 20-inch Tea Tray, 290.00.

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SILVERSMITHS

Hallifax • Saint John • Quebec • Montreal • Ottawa • Sudbury
Toronto • Hamilton • London • Windsor • Winnipeg • Regina
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The Breather

Continued from page 16

It would have been unthinkable to uproot all her lovely possessions, to transplant them in some stuffy apartment. Apartments had a dry boxed-up smell, and the little house smelled of lilac and of grass wet with rain, of hyacinth and roses in summer, of cedar when the cold months came.

Naturally a woman alone felt uneasy

sometimes when she awakened in the night and heard a board creak somewhere or when moonlight and shadow made the clothing she had tossed over a chair look like something that crouched. But she had only to stretch out her hand and switch on the night light and she kept the telephone on the table beside her bed. No, she had never been afraid, really, until the third time.

The first time the telephone rang at four o'clock in the morning she felt only the startle, only a hint of apprehension.

There was something about a telephone ringing in the night. It flooded her mind with grim recollections—of the time it had announced her brother's death in a car wreck—of the time it had said, "Linda, come home. Your grandmother is asking for you." Nothing good had come of it—ever.

Her brain fogged with sleep, she picked up the receiver and said, "Hello." When no one answered, she again said, "Hello." It seemed odd no one should answer when the hum of the dial tone

was absent. She put the receiver back on the hook, sat up in bed, thinking for a few minutes, deciding to write her mother oftener, turned over and went to sleep.

The next night it rang at three-thirty. "Hello!" she said sharply. And when no one spoke in reply, "What number are you calling?" She thought she heard a faint sighing sound but could not be sure. Puzzled, apprehensive, she hung up.

The third night she read in bed until one-thirty. It had not been a good choice, a chilling mystery too realistic for comfort. I shouldn't read such trash, she thought irritably.

She started toward the kitchen to fix herself a drink of ice water and her chest went light and fluttery when the window shade flapped against the screen. Although she was not a coward, she shut her windows and locked them—in August.

At five minutes to four the shrilling of the telephone echoed through her bedroom. She was awake instantly for she had never been soundly asleep. "Yes?" she said quickly. "Hello!" Before no one answered she knew no one would answer.

It was then apprehension became fear, as a shadow seen to be part of a tree glides from the tree and is more. It was then she heard it—a deep heavy breath exhaled into the telephone. The flesh prickled on her arms and bare shoulders. The receiver became slippery in her hand. She strained forward, listening. She heard whoever it was draw in another long breath and exhale, heard him cough softly.

"Listen!" she said, and fear sparkled through the anger in her voice. "I don't know who you are, but I don't think it's very smart to wake someone up in the middle of the night if you can't answer!"

Only the breathing again.

She banged down the receiver and stared at the telephone, black and shiny in the soft glow of the night light. Although the room was close to the point of stickiness, she pulled up the sheet for warmth.

Somewhere in the sleeping city, in one of the thousands and thousands of dark buildings, someone had her on his mind.

She got out of bed and prowled through the house, checking the front door and the back door, the basement door in the kitchen. She lit a cigarette, sat on the davenport knees drawn up.

If she were going to call someone night after night, why would she be doing it? To create fear. Or to be sure the person was home alone? If she were going to call someone and would not answer, why wouldn't she? Because she wouldn't want the person to recognize her voice.

The breathing. Only the breathing to let her know he was there.

Swiftly she ground out her cigarette, clicked off the lamp, ran on tiptoe across the room, closed the hall door to shut out the bedroom light. The room in blackness, she lifted a corner of the shade.

The leaves of the lilac glistened and shook in the moonlight. She waited. A cat bounded from the bush and streaked across the lawn.

She let out her held breath in a long quivering sigh and at the sound her imagination brought The Breather into the pitch-black room to stand behind her shoulder.

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Cross Canada the "Jasper Way" . . . in comfort and style . . . on the famous "Continental Limited".



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Every mile of your journey is an adventure when you travel the "Jasper Way", the pleasant way across Canada. You will marvel at the incomparable beauty of the scenery as you view it at your ease through the broad picture windows of modern sleeping cars, buffet-lounge cars, coaches and diners, the exciting new duplex roomette cars.

Westbound and eastbound every day, Canadian National's famous train, The Continental Limited speeds across Canada—linking the Eastern Provinces with the spreading prairies, the towering Rockies and the Pacific Coast. For courtesy and dependable service . . . for accommodations to suit your travel budget



Delicious food, expertly served, to invite you anew at every meal.

She let go the shade and groped frantically for the lamp switch, sank on the davenport, one hand pressed where the drenched silk of her nightgown clung to her breast.

"You silly little fool!" she said aloud. "It's probably only a prank!" She struck a match and the flame bobbed crazily as she lit another cigarette. She began to go over the men she knew.

It was preposterous even to consider Howard. Why, he had been the one who had wanted her to move to an apartment—so she'd be safe! "You're too young and pretty to live in a house alone," he had said. And he had been so insistent. No, he *badn't* wanted the divorce, but he hadn't protested either. "I want only your happiness, Linda," he had said. It was ridiculous even to consider Howard!

There was that new copy writer at the agency where she worked. The girls said he had a crush on her, but he was such a skimmed-milk creature, pathetically eager to be one of them. And the way he blushed when they kidded him sometimes. Imagine *him* trying to scare her!

No, there really wasn't anyone.

As the first greyiness of dawn rimmed the drawn blinds, she went through the house, raising each blind to the top, then crawled into bed.

IN THE morning, with the windows open, with the coffee chuckling on the stove, with the sun slanting bright across the dinette table and the birds twittering in the lilac bushes, it seemed scarcely anything.

She changed from her housecoat into her white linen suit, closed and locked the windows, backed the car out of the garage and drove to work.

That afternoon when over cokes at the corner drugstore she told Ruth, her assistant, about the calls and when Ruth said, "Probably someone's rank idea of a joke," it still seemed scarcely anything.

And foreboding was no more than nerves in the busy atmosphere of the office, in the nimble exchange of banter. When she looked at Sandy, the pinched new copy writer, she thought, Oh lord!

She and Ruth stayed downtown for dinner and went to a movie. They had hamburgers and iced tea after the show.

"I wish I *could* go home with you," Ruth said, "but mother's been having those heart skips again. I'd better not."

It was not until she turned down her street that night and passed the last street lamp that The Breather seemed real and close.

She did not put her car in the garage. Instead she left it in the driveway and made a mental note to have someone cut down the honeysuckle bushes. It was foolish to have bushes so close to a garage.

She got out her key and entered the house through the back door. And locked it.

She turned on the kitchen light, the dinette light, then the living-room light. And stood very still, sucking in her lower lip, her heart skidding. The living room window was wide open and the curtain panels were blowing across the davenport.

Without turning her head she slid her eyes cautiously toward the half-open hall door that led to the waiting darkness of the bedroom beyond.

The back-door key was still in her

hand. She edged her feet sideways over the rug—in the direction of the dinette, fearful lest a listening presence would detect her intention of flight and leap upon her. Then, stepping with long quick soft steps, she was in the dinette. And she saw the sheet of paper lying on the table and the writing scribbled upon it. "I got here late. The clothes didn't dry so I hung them in the basement. I left the living room window open because the place smelled so close."

The key clattered from her fingers. She leaned against the table weakly. Of course! It was Tuesday—Martha's day to clean and wash.

She slammed down the window, locked it, jerked down the blinds. She started toward the hall that led to the bedroom, hesitated, went to the kitchen, opened a drawer and took out the long-bladed meat slicer.

First she went into the bathroom that opened from the left of the hall, snapped on the light and with the tip of the

knife flipped back the half-drawn shower curtain. Then to the closet on the right of the hall, then to the bedroom and the bedroom closet. Last of all she descended to the basement from the kitchen, investigated the shadowy retreats behind the hanging clothes, the furnace room, the fruit closet.

I am getting jumpy, she thought, as she put the knife back into the drawer. It's perfectly insane to act like this!

After she had folded the spread across the foot of the bed and turned back the



*Tropic
dream*

—a new, exciting summer-tan shade
glowing with the magic of the tropics!

Maybe you've dreamed of being cast adrift on a magic tropical island. You'll find yourself deep in the sultry enchantment of this dream when you wear "Tropic Dream," an exciting, tawny shade of "Dream Stuff" for any girl who wants to look like a Sun Goddess!

"Dream Stuff" is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one brand new make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff—it clings for hours. And it *can't* spill in your purse! One of four dreamy shades, for every skin type.

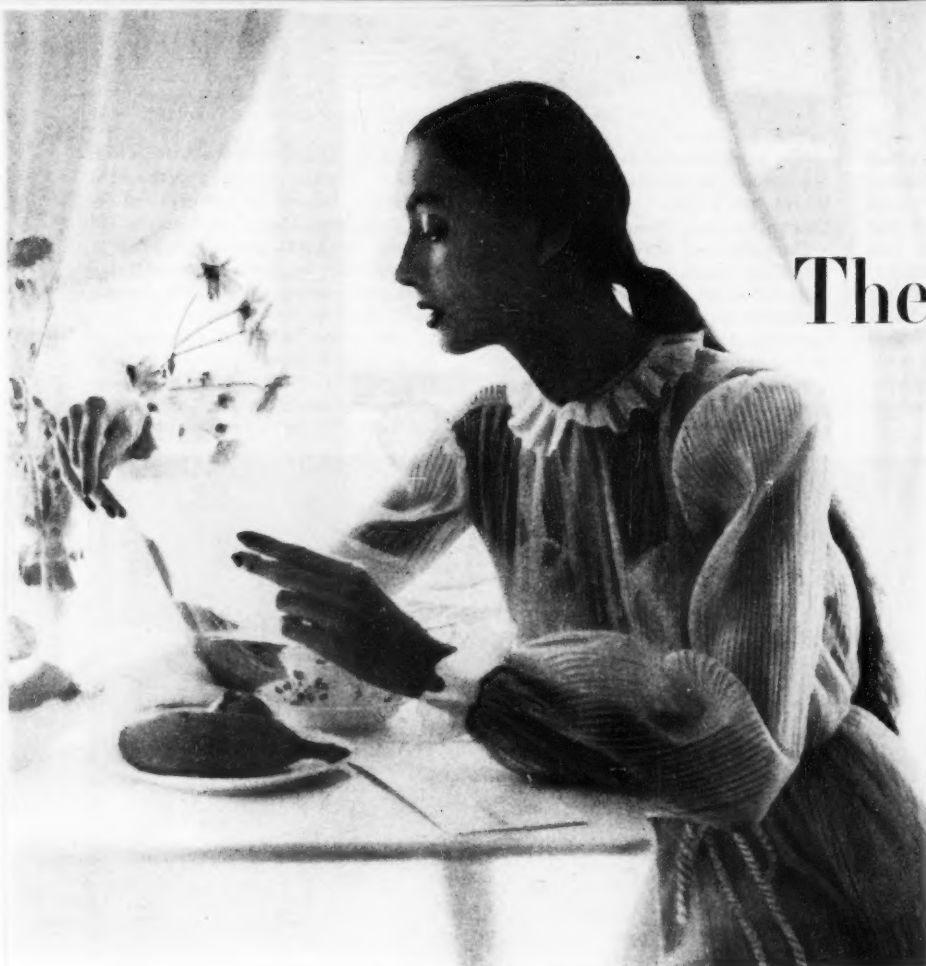


NEW! TINTED FOUNDATION
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ONLY 65¢
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The prettiest things

are yours

in nylon

HERE ARE three designs for nylon lingerie. They're lovely to look at because the colors are soft and sweet. Delightful to wear because they are sheer, cool and just right for summer. And they're a joy to live with too. Washing takes a minute. They dry quickly and don't have to be ironed! Permanent pleats are news on the fabric counter. No. 3048 above is a negligee permanently pleated, with all the trimmings to make it right for any trousseau be it travel or bridal. It's made of pale blue nylon. The matching nightgown (shown lower right) has a ruffle of pleated nylon. The slip, No. 2602, can be made with panties and bras to match. For trimming these lovely handmades you might buy nylon marquisette, lace or embroidery which can be bought now by the yard. By making it yourself you can have that personal luxury of handmade lingerie.

See opposite page for Simplicity pattern sizes and prices.



have a
"party hair-do"
all day long



with

Gayla
HOLD-BOB
bobby pins

With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do. Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins set curls beautifully; are easy to sleep on. Easy to open. Keep hair-dos lovely because they hold better. There is no finer bobby pin.

More women use
Gayla HOLD-BOB than all
other bobby pins combined



Made in Canada by Gaylord Products of Canada, Ltd., St. Hyacinthe, P. Q. . . . formerly known as The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada (1940) Ltd.
TRADE MARK REG. IN CANADA

sheet, she stood thoughtful for a moment, then went to the kitchen, got the knife and placed it on the floor at the head of her bed. Although perspiration trickled down her body, she did not open the window.

She awakened screaming—not a loud scream, a muffled choking cry as from muscles clamped by a hand. She had dreamed the telephone was ringing, that when she answered the receiver had slipped over her shoulder, winding the cord about her throat, tighter and tighter.

The telephone rang.

She did not switch on the night light. She did not answer. She lay rigid, her throat arched against the pillows, her eyes fixed on the gleaming black object.

It continued to ring, loud and insistent, clamoring for attention.

Brrr-ing. Pause. Brrr-ing. Pause. Brrr-ing. Pause.

Still she did not answer. And it stopped.

The idea crept into her mind, only the flicker of an idea at first, then looming to terrifying significance. She should have answered. Perhaps he would think she was not there and would steal across the city in the night to secrete himself in her home for the time when she would be there. The room was so ominously quiet. Without stirring she glanced at the illuminated dial of the clock. The hands pointed to ten minutes of three.

At exactly three the ringing began again.

I know you are there. Waiting. I know you are there. Waiting.

She did not raise her body, only her arm, brought the receiver to her pillow and felt its weight slick and cold against her cheek.

Silence. Then the faint tapping of a fingernail against metal. Then the heavy breathing.

You are afraid to answer and afraid not to answer, aren't you. Listen. I know where you are and that you are alone. Listen. Can't you hear me thinking what I plan to do?

She could believe she heard the words instead of thought them. They pierced through the rolling fog of her senses, burrowed into her brain and peered out, real as if they had been whispered into the telephone.

Fascinated, she lay still, straining to hear, unable to break away. She could feel the thumping of the pulse in the hollow of her throat.

There was the sound of a match striking. A quietness. The lusty outblowing of smoke. She could smell the smoke almost, could visualize The Breather, hunched on his elbows, leaning to the telephone, could imagine what his eyes looked like, narrowed, calculating, glinting in the dark of his room.

With cunning stealth, as if he might be spying on her every movement, she pushed the receiver across the pillow,

Pattern Descriptions

No. 2602—Slip sizes 12-20. Bra and panties included. Price, 25 cents.
No. 3048—Nightgown and negligee, sizes 12-20. Price 25 cents.

Simplicity patterns may be obtained from your local dealer or by mail through the pattern department of Chatelaine magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Are you in the know?



To make a favourable impression on his family —

- ☐ Greet them in Spanish ☐ Affect a chawmin' accent ☐ Avoid Slurvian

"Widen Bill tell me you were here? I bin dine to meetcha". You wouldn't say that, *anyway!* But in all your chatter, avoid Slurvian—if you'd win favour with his family. It's the language that slurs words, lops off syllables. Like "widen" for

"why didn't" . . . "dine" for "dying". Good diction builds confidence. And to stay confident on certain days do yourself the favour of choosing Kotex: made to stay soft while you wear it. *This softness really holds its shape.* You're serenely comfortable!



After Graduation . . . what?

- ☐ A career
☐ A profession
☐ The Life of Riley

You snare that sheepskin—and then, what happens? If you check the first two answers above, you're showing sharp headwork. And if you choose nursing for your career, you're headed toward a fascinating future—toward security, for life, in a really great profession! Security on "problem" days is yours, too—with Kotex. Because that special safety centre gives extra protection and confidence!



If wrinkles worry her, should she bring —

- ☐ Just denims
☐ Double-dark sun glasses
☐ Her new organdie dress

Your holiday's better with a bit of la glamour in your wardrobe. You can't wear blue jeans *all* the time. If "wrinkle-phobia" tempts you not to pack that dreamy cotton formal—here's news. Now many cottons are crease-resistant. Even organdie can shed wrinkles! Even at calendar time you can be your smooth, unruffled self—with Kotex. No telltale outlines show. With those flat, pressed ends you're free from outline-phobia!



★T.M. Reg.

More women choose
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"Very Personally Yours", new Free booklet for teenagers. Gives do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts. Send your name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. CH-5, 431 Victoria Avenue, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

eased it into place and broke the connection. She jabbed her finger in zero and whirled the dial.

"Operator," operator said.

"This is Linda Billings — listed Howard Billings—Xavier 7787! I want a call traced."

The crisp curled diction of the operator was placidly aloof. "I am sorry, madam. We do not trace calls."

"Listen. This is important—serious! This man—I don't know who he is—he calls every night, four, three, any un-

godly hour. And he doesn't answer—just breathes into the telephone! He's dangerous I tell you! I know he's dangerous! I demand to have this call traced."

"I am sorry, Madam. I cannot help you. I suggest you contact the business office in the morning. Perhaps they can be of assistance."

Furious, she slammed the receiver.

In the morning she called the business office of the telephone company and after being shunted to three

different extensions, talked with a person who sounded authoritative. No, he was very sorry, they did not trace calls. But after her indignant outburst, after she had related the particulars, he seemed concerned. "No, I don't like the sound of it either," he said slowly. "Perhaps we can trace the call for you if you can have someone notify us while the party is still on the line."

He took her name, her number, her address, the hour at which the call would most likely be made.

"Sometime between two-thirty and four," she said. "Always between two-thirty and four."

That night after work she went straight to the back door of her nearest neighbors, the Hansens. She wished she had taken time to make overtures of friendliness during the almost two years and a half she had lived so close. But Howard had never liked Mr. Hansen.

Mrs. Hansen, her blue eyes brilliant in a round face pinked from cookie baking, responded with lively interest.

"My land," she said. "I never heard of such a thing. It makes me crawl just to hear you tell it." She drew Linda into the kitchen and made her sit down while she took out the last batch of cookies.

"I should say we'll let you come over and call the telephone company. Now, take this one—it's just out of the oven. I'll set my alarm for two-thirty and keep an ear open for the back door."

She rinsed her hands under the faucet, surveyed Linda curiously over a plump shoulder. "Now, I don't mean to be snoopy—but do you suppose it could be Mr. Billings—wanting to hear your voice maybe and not wanting you to know who he was—or wanting revenge maybe. Men are funny, you know."

"No," Linda said quickly, coolly. "It couldn't be Mr. Billings. He wouldn't do a thing like that."

On her way home, walking across the lawn, she thought: The whole block will know it before morning. They'll think I've been playing around, that I have all sorts of men on the string.

At eight-thirty she attempted to divert her mind by employing her hands. She decided to take the hem out of her green skirt. While snipping the threads she thought of Howard, wondered how he would handle the situation if he were there with her.

I'll call him and tell him about it, she decided on impulse. I should have done it before. And at once the decision made her feel safe and protected, a woman not alone. She was glad they had parted friends. It would be easy. She could hear the reassurance of his deep slow voice. "Don't worry, Linda. I'll get to the bottom of this thing right away."

In the bedroom, with her hand curved to pick up the receiver, she stopped cold, staring down at the sleek black instrument that had become something sly and sinister. Perhaps it was the memory of Mrs. Hansen's remark, it may have been any one of a thousand surreptitious reminders that pricked the thought loose in her mind, but she stopped, cold.

It was always the one you least suspected. Always.

Was it natural that Howard should have agreed to divorce so quietly, without anger, without argument?

The way he had watched her the Sunday afternoon she had told him she wanted to be free. His head against the back of the chair, eyes half-closed, as if he were weighing something, considering, planning.

SHE RETURNED to the living room, made sure the windows were securely locked, turned on the radio, shut it off again, afraid the blare of the dance band might keep her from hearing some tell-tale noise.

It was after nine—she had finished letting out her green skirt and was starting to whip in a new hem—when she heard footsteps on the front porch. The door chimed pealed softly.

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Through the round glass window of the door, in the flood of porch light, she saw the tall figure waiting. It was Howard.

Open the door, Linda, she said. You were going to call him. Open the door.

"Hello, Linda." He was looking at her strangely, unsmiling. "I dropped by for something I forgot to take with me. Thought I'd better wait until after dark so the neighbors wouldn't start speculating."

"Of course, Howard." Her voice thickened.

He stood in the entrance hall, his hat in his hand. "My box of fishing tackle. Is it still on the shelf in the basement?"

He had never gone fishing since she had known him. The tackle, and a rod, had been her last Christmas present to him—something of an experiment.

"Yes, it's there." She glanced quickly to see whether she had left the door ajar.

He walked through the living room, the dinette, the kitchen. She listened while he turned the key in the basement door, listened to him go down the stairs, move about. He was coming up again.

He set down the box on the living room rug, straightened. He had put on his hat again and pushed it to the back of his head. His dark eyes moved about. "Mind if I sit down a minute?"

"Of course not."

She could not very well remain standing. She took the chair nearest the door.

He removed his hat, leaned forward contemplating the pattern in the rug.

"How you getting along?"

"All right."

"Job going well at the agency?"

"Fine."

He stopped swinging his hat, perched it on his knee. One restless hand rubbed back and forth across the surface of the endtable, strayed to toy with the scissors that lay there on top of the folded green skirt. He picked them up, pressing his thumb experimentally against the closed points. His eyes roved to the drawn blinds. "Awfully hot. Don't you keep the windows open?"

"No. Ruth's coming over pretty soon." The instant the words tumbled out she realized they did not hang together.

His eyes, questioning, penetrating, alerting oddly, met hers. "Something wrong, Linda?" he asked quietly.

"No. Nothing's wrong."

He continued to watch her closely, to press his thumb against the scissors.

"Linda—" The expression in his eyes changed suddenly and although he did not leave the chair, the movement of his body brought him closer.

She sprang to her feet, one hand raised palm out and started to back away.

He flushed, stood up. "Guess I'd better be going," he said. He jammed on his hat, lifted the box of fishing tackle and avoided looking her way as he walked past.

He was gone. And her eyes were fixed on the scissors as she listened to the slam of the car door.

Brrr-ing. Pause. Brrr-ing. Pause.

At 25 minutes past three she was running across the yard to the Hansens', pounding on the back door.

"He's on the line!" she breathlessly informed Mrs. Hansen, who opened the door almost immediately. "Let me get to the telephone—quick!"

"Is it her, Gertrude?" Mr. Hansen called out. He appeared in the living room, stuffing his nightshirt into his

trousers. The two of them hovered over her as she spun the dial.

How wonderful to hear the words, "Yes, Mrs. Billings. The call will be traced."

"Now, I'll tell you how I figure it—" She was dimly conscious of the bristle of whiskers as Mr. Hansen rubbed his cheek.

"I can't stay. I've got to keep him on the line." And she was out the back door again.

One of her bedroom scuffs flew off as she raced across the lawn.

Out of breath, she locked the door and tiptoed into the bedroom. The receiver was lying on the pillow where she had left it. She put it to her ear and heard nothing. She placed her hand over the mouthpiece to block out the sound of her hurried breathing, and when it was regular again, coughed softly.

And he coughed.

"You must need very little sleep," she said, "to stay up every night making telephone calls."

"Perhaps it's that you need a job and know if I'm kept awake many more

nights you can go after mine." She was reckless in the knowledge that the call was being traced.

After 15 minutes of listening to intermittent silences and sighs, she said brightly, "I do hope you call again sometime," and hung up. But she was trembling so violently it took considerable time to unknot the belt of her robe.

She would wait 15 minutes—no 10.

Eight minutes passed and she dialed.

"Who was it?" she blurted out—"Linda Billings—the call you traced! Who was it?"



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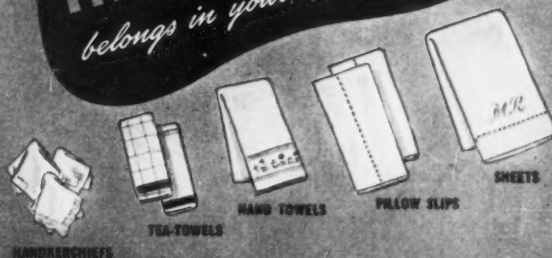
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"I am sorry, madam," So calm! So infernally calm! "It will be necessary that you contact the business office in the morning for the report."

"In the morning!" She wanted to shout, to beat her fists against the stubborn telephone, to twist it into submission. "I suppose it will be very easy for me to call in the morning—if I've been strangled."

"I am very sorry, madam. I cannot help you further."

She crashed the receiver down, glared at the telephone. "You devil!" she ground out between clenched teeth. "You black black devil!"

She sat on the edge of the bed, crying, without tears, rocking from side to side, wringing her hands.

The half hour passed, and the hour. Exhausted from turbulence of emotion, she collapsed in a heap on the bed, her head in her arms like a worn-out child. And she slept.

When she awakened the sun was bright and hot in the world outside the drawn blinds. "Good lord," she cried in amazement. "I've forgotten to go to work."

She started to step under the shower, ran back into the bedroom, to the telephone. After what seemed interminable delay, the telephone company told her what she wanted to know: "The call was traced to the Blakeshire Hotel, room 337, occupied by R. C. Shaeffer."

"But that name means nothing. I've never heard of an R. C. Shaeffer."

"That is the report, Mrs. Billings. If you wish further assistance, we suggest you contact the proper authorities."

"Thank you," she said, bewildered. "Thank you very much."

The proper authorities—police.

She called police headquarters. They were most co-operative. Yes, they would look into the calls for her. They would send a man to the Blakeshire to investigate R. C. Shaeffer, would call her to come up to the hotel and see whether it was someone she knew.

She gave them the agency number.

Later, hurrying into the office, she stopped at Ruth's desk, whispering so Sandy in his corner could not hear. "They're investigating him—the police! They're going to call me to identify him! Will you go with me?"

Ruth leaned on her elbows, tapped a pencil thoughtfully against her teeth. Her grey eyes regarded Linda intently. "Why—sure. I'll go with you."

Every time the telephone rang on the window ledge, she pushed back her chair expectantly. Three rings—that was Sandy's. Two rings—Ruth. One ring!

The wastebasket tipped over as she jumped up to answer. It was only one of the clients. "Yes, Mr. Zelling," she said flatly. "We'll have it for you today sure."

And so on through the morning. It was afternoon.

One ring!

"This is Sergeant Manning, Miss Billings. The Blakeshire Hotel tells us R. C. Shaeffer checked out this morning."

She watched the flag on the bank building ripple and fall.

"You there, Miss Billings?"

"You mean—you don't know where he is?"

"No. Transient, most likely. Probably out of the city by now. I don't think you'll have anything more to worry about."

"But I've got to know. I've just got to."

"Umhum." The sergeant sounded sympathetic. "Miss Billings, you'd be surprised how many reports of this nature come to our attention. Usually it's some screwball just passing the time away. It seldom amounts to anything. If I were you I wouldn't give it another thought. If he calls again, let us know. But I don't think he will."

"Thank you—anyway," she said.

She stood there watching the flag. What was it her grandmother had said when her brother was killed in that wreck... *It wouldn't have made any difference if he had stayed a day longer. If something's going to happen, you can't stop it.* She turned to her desk.

Ruth glanced her way. "Heard your telephone conversation. Checked out, hum?"

She nodded.

"Well, now you can forget all about it. Prob'ly one of those nuts who pick numbers at random out of the book. Finds the name of a woman and calls her."

Linda said very low, "My number's still listed under Howard Billings."

Ruth's hands tossed the matter aside. "For Pete's sake! You're making an elephant out of a flea. Wish I had a dollar for every time a guess-who called me up."

She said nothing. She wondered why she could not see it as they did—Ruth and the sergeant. Why she was now more terrified than ever, trapped, helpless. R. C. Shaeffer. Checked out. Moving closer. Stalking. Sergeant Manning had said, "It seldom amounts to anything..."

Linda stood up, holding to the edge of her desk. "Ruth, you'll have to do the Zelling layout. I don't feel well."

"Gee, you do look sick." Ruth sounded concerned. "Sure. I'll get right on it. Run along home."

Her hat, gloves and purse gathered together, she looked down at Ruth. "Can you come stay with me tonight?" she asked.

"Gee, kid, I really can't. You know how mother's been. Now, don't tell me you're still worrying about R. C.!"

"Maybe you could come over later."

"I can't, Linda. Honest. Know what I think—that it really hasn't been these calls worrying you. It's delayed shock—reaction from you and Howard splitting up the way you did. If I were you I'd ask for time off and go home to my folks for a while. If you don't take care of yourself you're going to crack up good and proper. Now you go right to bed and sleep round the clock. That's exactly what you need. I'll handle everything all right."

So she left.

Home, on the davenport, she tried to sleep while it was yet light, but she could not close her eyes.

And after darkness fell about the little house, she began to know terror in a way she had never experienced before. It was not because the rain lashed at the windows. It was not because the old fir thudded on the roof. He was as close as the lilac bushes, standing there, collar turned up, water dripping from the pulled-down brim of his hat, watching, waiting for the lights to go out.

Ironing her blouse on the drop board in the dinette, she struggled against the thought which kept whispering: *This is the night. It was all leading up to tonight.*

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And not until she smelled smoke did she realize the iron had burned through her blouse.

She tried cleaning the cupboards. It made too much noise. She tried to read.

At 11 she could leash her terror no longer. She called Ruth.

"Please come over. You've got to stay with me tonight."

"But, Linda," Ruth answered in a warm sleepy voice. "I'm all ready for bed—just got out of the bathtub."

"You've got to come," she said fiercely.

There was a pause, then, "Now listen Linda. I'm not going to leave mother just because you're worried about something that amounts to no more than a hill of beans. If you're so scared why don't you—"

Ruth's voice was cut off. No use calling her back. She wouldn't come.

Linda went around the bed to the window, pushed aside the blind and cupping her hands to her eyes peered toward the Hansens'. Their house was dark. She had always been glad there was no house across the street from hers for of an evening she had liked to watch the sky redden through the grove of fir trees, but tonight the switching firs suggested violence.

There was a light upstairs in the house down the street, across from the Hansens'. But it was a long way off and she did not even know the name of the people who lived there.

She tried to reason with herself: If anyone attempted to break in, he would have to make a noise for the house was latched up tight. She could call police and they would be there in no time. Prowl cars were always close by.

But would she hear him—with the wind and the rain and the old fir knocking overhead?

The lights dipped, flared up again. She fastened her attention on the chandelier. If the lights went out she would start screaming. But they continued to burn brightly.

She opened the chest of drawers, took up the jacket of the suit she was knitting, stationed herself in the living room. The metallic click of the needles went faster and faster.

A gust of wind shook the panes and the lilac scraped against the side of the house. The lights dipped, steadied. It was like a warning.

The needles dropped from her fingers. She had to get out of that house!

I'll go to Ruth's, she thought wildly. Then she remembered. She would have to back the car from the garage. When she looked into the blackness of the night, the deeper blackness that was the honeysuckle bush seemed wider than it should be, and when the bush tossed with the wind a section of it did not toss.

Then came the blessed thought of a taxi. She would call a taxi! And the driver would come to the door for her!

The telephone was dead. The storm. The telephone was completely dead.

She moved through the house quietly, with a knowing darting-eyed quietness, got the kitchen knife, slipping it under the knitting in her lap as she sat rigid in the chair by the piano.

From her corner she could see the closet door opposite the bathroom. And her certainty that The Breather was near could have been no more a certainty had the closed door slowly pushed open.

Her hands were like hunks of ice, her



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teeth sunk into her lower lip. And in that frozen, straight-backed position, she watched and she waited.

When she heard the sound that was not storm—the sound on the front porch, she did not move, only her hand moved, gripping the handle of the knife under her knitting.

The window! She was out of range of the glass in the front door. He could not see! She could creep to the window, unlock it, jump out and run.

But she would be out there with him, with the dark and the vacant lot of fire. He might be hoping for exactly that.

She did not move.

NEXT DAY newsboys shouted: BEAUTIFUL GIRL BRUTALLY MURDERED! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Returning home from work, the cry like a gong reverberating through her brain, Linda swooped up the paper from the porch and with shaking hand stabbed her key at the lock.

She would never know how she had lived through last night, why her heart had not stopped still from terror. It had not helped to find the broken fir limb on the porch this morning when at the first rays of light she had dashed to her car and to the office. She had made up her mind. She would never spend another night in that house! Never!

She would get the clothes she needed — go to a hotel.

Inside, she dropped to the arm of a chair, ripped open the rolled newspaper. The eyes of the dead girl laughed into hers—a girl photographed with her silver-blond hair blowing about her face.

"Estelle Kirkpatrick, well-known model for the Windsor Agency, found murdered this morning in her apartment at Royalcrest Arms. Police searching for R. C. Shaeffer."

The rug lifted and fell, like wine-mottled waves. The floor lamp bowed to her.

R. C. Shaeffer! Calling girls in the night! She was next on his list!

She rushed to the hall closet for her luggage.

In the bedroom the telephone rang. She whirled about, trembling hands outthrust to push away the sound. The telephone! They'd fixed the line then! It continued to ring with loud urgency.

Only sunlight pouring through the windows could have given her courage to answer.

"Linda!" Ruth's excited voice. "Have you heard the radio? Have the police called you yet?"

"No! What is it?"

"The papers—did you see the papers?"

"Yes—R. C. Shaeffer."

"They've caught him, Linda. They've just caught R. C. Shaeffer!"

"Oh, Ruth!"

"That poor girl. How awful—hiding in her apartment and waiting till she was asleep."

"I was to be next, Ruth. He must have called her the way he did me."

"Linda—no! The radio explained it

all. A friend of Miss Kirkpatrick—the receptionist where she worked—told police that three years ago Miss K. confided fear for her life. She showed the receptionist a snapshot of herself and a man—taken at the beach—said if the man ever came up there looking for her to say she'd left town—said she was having her phone number changed and the new one withheld from the listings in the book. She was even having her name changed in the lobby of her apartment building. Then a few days later this man was arrested on a narcotics charge—sentenced to prison. Got out just two weeks ago. Oh, Linda, I feel such a heel, making light of your worry. You knew all along."

"But me—he called me."

"Linda, can't you see? Police checked hotels—every place. When they found out about Miss K. having her number changed—about this man she was afraid of—a brushed-off boy friend, I guess . . . they put two and two together. The complaint you made about the calls. He'd been in prison three years. The radio said—a young woman reported mysterious night calls. They bee-lined it after R. C. Shaeffer—he's really Maurice Holden. Caught him in a stolen car 300 miles from the city."

"But me, Ruth. He did call me!"

"Linda, you poor dear! You are upset. Listen. Three years ago Estelle Kirkpatrick had her phone number changed, but she didn't move from her apartment. She stayed right there. A little over two years ago you moved into your new house. When the telephone company installed your phone they gave you her old number. They do it all the time since the city's been shooting up so fast. When R. C. Shaeffer got out of prison, naturally he remembered his girl friend's old number—knew where she lived. When he called you he thought he was calling Estelle Kirkpatrick."

"Oh—Ruth!"

The receiver fell with a clatter, banged against the table and dangled there. She leaned against the wall, began to cry and to laugh. And she kept nodding at the telephone.

She put the receiver on the hook, clapped her hand to her mouth in an effort to choke back the laughter, slid the hand across her cheek, smearing the tears.

Then she ran around the bed, flung open the window.

In the living room her eyes met the eyes of the dead girl, laughing up at her from the floor where the paper lay. With a wordless little cry of compassion she darted for the paper, rolled it tight, twisted it, ran out to the back yard and thrust it into the incinerator. Then she raced through the house opening all the windows.

In the living room again she parted the billowing curtains and watched the firs rock gently against a softening sky.

And the little house was filled with the fragrance of life, with the green smell of grass washed with rain, with the perfume of late summer roses.

Lotta Dempsey reports on

Hollywood's Latest Triangle

Television, radio and the movies are all vying for top position in the movie capital

Don't miss JULY CHATELAINE

You're Not for Me

Continued from page 33

When they talked of such things in the college dormitory late at night, they always said that at such moments your whole life flashed before your eyes. But perhaps her life had been too short for that. She only saw the kitchen at home and her mother unfolding that letter. And she knew the letter wouldn't fool her mother one bit. Her mother would know. Perhaps her mother had always known.

She swallowed water, salt as her own tears and her lungs gasped for breath. She couldn't do that to her mother. She couldn't do that to Cissie, whose turn would come next. It was better to go on being the queer Enderby girl through all the years that stretched ahead, than to do that to them.

But how many times could you go under and still fight the waves and force yourself up once more?

SHE THOUGHT at first that the voice was hallucination.

"You crazy fool!" Cox sputtered. "What do you think you're doing?" Even at such a moment Cox had time for anger and for speech. "Float," he commanded. "You don't have anything to worry about. The Great Coxey's right here."

And finally her knees were scraping the rough sand of safety. She lay exhausted upon the beach and when she looked up she saw the gaunt shadow of the twisted lonely pine. With all that had happened, she thought numbly, she was right back where she had started. She shivered.

"Hey!" She felt Cox grip her arm. "We've got to get you warm. There's a boathouse somewhere along here. They never lock it. Come on." He guided her stumbling feet up a path. The boathouse was dark, but Cox seemed to know his way around in it. He found a blanket and tossed it at her.

"Take off that wet suit and wrap up in this."

She stood holding the blanket in her hands and staring at him wretchedly and numbly.

"Don't be an idiot!" His voice was brusque. "You think I'm going to all the trouble of rescuing a girl just to have her freeze to death? I'm going to count to 10. Either you'll have that suit off by then or I'll take it off for you." He turned his back elaborately, though they were only shadows to each other in the darkness. "One—"

But even when she had wrapped herself in the blanket she went on shivering.

"Hey!" Cox led her to a bench. He sat down beside her and put his arm around her. After a while the shivering began to ease itself. She felt warm and strangely drowsy, swaddled in the blanket; his cheek against hers had the rough male stubble of evening.

"But you—?" she murmured. "You'll catch cold."

"Don't worry." He shifted his arm so that she leaned against him more securely. His voice was as brusque as ever, but she didn't mind that now. "Listen, baby. A little swim in the moonlight can't hurt the Great Coxey."

Moonlight crept through the dusty windows of the boathouse. They could see each other now as eyes and shadowed faces, lit by moonglow.

"Hey," Cox said again—but differently. His big hand traced the contour of her face. "With that white cap on, you look like one of those goddesses in Greek Myth." He went on stroking the curve of cheek and temple, very gently. "What did you want to go and do a thing like that for? It was just luck I happened to notice you swimming out there."

She couldn't answer. She hadn't been certain until then that Cox—knew.

"A girl like you," Cox said wonderingly, his fingers gentle on the tears that coursed down her cheeks. "Why, you've got everything to live for, baby. You're young and brainy and good-looking—"

"Am I, Cox?" she whispered.

"Yeah. Now that you've got your hair up out of your eyes. You've got what it takes, baby, and if anyone wants to know you can say that's gospel from the Great Coxey himself. Only"—he shook her gently—"you got to stop being so—so intense about everything, see? And don't ever let me catch you doing anything like that again."

"I won't," she promised, her eyes on his face. "I won't ever have to, now."

They heard voices, coming toward the boathouse.

"We've got to get out of here pronto." Cox's voice was grim. "We can't let them find you here like this."

"We could explain—" she stopped. "Suellen would be able to think of some explanation—"

Too late it occurred to her how familiar Cox was with the boathouse.

"Yeah," Cox laughed shortly. "Suellen could get away with it, but you're not Suellen, baby. Come on, grab your bathing suit and hang on to that blanket!"

She ran with Cox across the sand. Undetected, they reached the house. Cox hoisted her through a window.

"You're right near the back staircase," he whispered. "You ought to be able to get upstairs without anybody seeing you. Throw the blanket through your window when you're through with it. I'll take it back to the boathouse."

He hesitated. They stood, facing each other on opposite sides of the window, she with the blanket clutched around her and he with moonlight on his face.

"You're—all right now?" he asked. "I'm—all right now," she told him unsteadily.

From the darkness near the boathouse they could hear the voices raised in sudden and insistent chant: "Hey! Coxey! Where's the Great Coxey? We want-Coxey!" The bow of a canoe splashed phosphorescence as eager hands pushed it into the water. They saw Suellen step in, with Dick Mason's hand steadying her. The voices rose again. "Oh Coxey!"

"I—I'd better go," he told her.

"Because of—Suellen?"

"Okay." His laughter was brief and bitter. "Because of Suellen."

"Oh," she whispered.

"Listen, baby," Cox told her. He leaned through the window and shook her very gently. "I'm nothing to you, baby. Honest. I'm nothing but a name and a face that you've—well, attached a yen to. See? You're not for me. Get it? For somebody else, some day. But not for me."

It didn't hurt when he said it with his arms around her and tenderness in his eyes.

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She looked at Cox with moonlight on his hair and the face that was part of the dreams of every girl on the campus—and she knew suddenly that his arrogance hid a hurt and bewilderment as great as her own. She thought about Cox who had everything—and wanted Suellen; and Suellen who had Cox and wanted—what?

"People—a whole world full of people—and maybe every one of us feeling that we're on the outside rim of something very wonderful that's happening on the other side," she said slowly. "It's like that Mobius strip—you go along and maybe you're already there, on the inside track, only you don't know it because—"

But she saw that Cox wasn't listening. His eyes were following the path of a canoe through the water.

She gave him a gentle push and she managed to smile quite convincingly. "I'll throw the blanket down to you, so that you can run along to—to your Suellen."

She dressed hastily in the slacks she had worn before she had gone for that swim in the moonlight. She dropped the blanket through the window to where Cox waited in the darkness and heard his muffled okay. She heard his shout, as his footsteps retreated into distance: "Yaay! Here comes the Great Coxey!"

The letter to her mother still lay on the table. She reached out her hand to tear it up and then, slowly, she read it through again . . . wonderful time . . . thank you again for all the sacrifices you made so I could come . . . Cox Blainey . . . he's really Suellen's . . . but even if he never asks me out again it means something to have had a date with the Great Coxey . . .

But it was all true! Shaken, she stared at that letter which would bring to a tired old woman and an eager child in a far-off kitchen an inside glimpse at another world, the world of privileged youth.

Later she would tell them more of what they wanted to hear; it would be easier to write that weekly letter home now that she knew she was writing truth.

But first, because she was so young—and so vulnerable—there was something else she had to do, right away.

Holding a hairbrush, she advanced toward the mirror. She swept her hair back so that the tender curve of brow and cheek revealed themselves starkly. With her hair piled goddess-high on her head she tossed a challenge at the wooden Vikings.

Perhaps he had said it only out of pity and tenderness. Still, there had been that look in his eyes. And even though he might be irrevocably Suellen's, an girl who could—almost—get the Great Coxey didn't have to be uncertain of herself any longer.

Sometimes that's all that a girl like Mag Enderby needs: not the fairy-tale ending but just some twist or quirk of circumstances that gives her a chance, before it's too late, to believe in herself. After that, she can work out the fairy-tale ending on her own.

I know. +

Gordon Sinclair demands

Equal Rights for Men

in JULY Chatelaine

*I'm so proud
of my letters*



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Mrs. William Aitkin of Toronto (above) serves the kind of body-building food prescribed by sports coach "Ace" Percival . . . since son Donald became a star athlete.

Photo by Ken Bell

ESSENTIALS of an Athlete's Diet

Fruits—Oranges, grapes, figs, apricots, prunes and fresh fruits in season.

Vegetables—All kinds, both raw and properly cooked.

Bread—Must be rye or wholewheat.

Meats, Fish, Eggs—Lean meats and fish, baked or broiled. Liver twice a week.

Beverages—Fruit and tomato juices. Milk (skimmed if overweight).

Cereals—Whole-grain porridge. Lots of wheat germ—it's athletes' must.

Important Extras—Brewers yeast tablets; calcium wafers; yogurt (special culture milk).

Feeding Your Athletic Son

by Marie Holmes

Director, Chatelaine Institute

IF YOU'VE a young son bent on being an athlete don't be surprised if he suggests some changes in your grocery list. He's probably taking his sports program seriously and has learned that eating certain foods will do more to put him on the team than any amount of steady field practice.

Mother's wholesome meals were fine before, but now he's asking for rye bread, liver and wheat germ. He insists on honey to pour over his porridge and wants blackstrap molasses in his milk.

"That's what Mr. Percival says I should eat if I'm to be a top baseball pitcher," he'll explain.

Your sports-minded son, like thousands of boys across Canada, has been listening to Lloyd "Ace" Percival's broadcast every Saturday at noon. Any ardent follower of this CBC sports coach will look to his diet.

Diet is the most important single factor in continued physical and mental efficiency, Mr. Percival believes. For this reason he prescribes specific athletic diets, based on extensive world-wide research. Anyone, whether member or not, can write to the Sports College, Box 99, Toronto, for information about them. There's one, for example, for building sturdy bodies that will stand up in endurance and body-contact sports. On the day of the big game or track meet Head Coach Percival recommends a special light diet. "Eat oranges and honey before the game. These foods give you energy and counteract fatigue acids in the stomach. After the game is over

+

Continued on page 66

Is there a champ in the house? A sturdy young fellow bent on breaking records in school sports? If so he'll need family teamwork at mealtime.



Rosy Rapture

Magic's Luscious STRAWBERRY CAKE!

Set up your own strawberry festival—gala in the garden or regal at the table! Grace it with this gorgeous new Magic cake! With big, ripe berries in a cool drift of whipped cream on top. And the filling—a luscious red layer of crushed strawberries... overflowing a cake so marvellously light it *must* be made with Magic!

Yes, with Magic Baking Powder, there's no trick to turning out *perfect* cakes—delicate in flavor, light as a puff! Magic costs less than 1¢ per average baking—protects other costly ingredients. Put Magic on your grocery list today.

MAGIC STRAWBERRY CAKE

1½ cups sifted pastry flour	½ tsp. salt
or 1½ cups sifted hard-wheat flour	4 eggs, separated
2 tsps. Magic Baking Powder	¼ cup cold water
	1 cup fine granulated sugar
	1½ tsps. vanilla

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Beat egg yolks thick and light; gradually beat in the cold water and ¾ cup of the sugar; beat constantly for 4 minutes. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually beat in remaining ½ cup sugar, beating after each addition until mixture stands in peaks. Add flour mixture to yolk mixture about a quarter at a time, folding lightly after each addition just until flour is incorporated; fold in vanilla. Add meringue to yolk mixture and fold gently until combined. Turn into two ungreased 8" round cake pans. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 25 to 30 minutes. Immediately cakes are baked, invert pans and allow cakes to hang, suspended, until cold (to "hang" cakes, rest rim of inverted pan on 3 inverted egg cups or coffee cups). Put cold cakes together with sweetened crushed strawberries; top with lightly-sweetened and flavored whipped cream and garnish with whole strawberries.



The Institute Suggests

LIGHT FOOD

for Summer Meals



Meat loaves and casseroles come into their own these warm June days. Serve them often with the first choice vegetables from your garden.

Crusty Meat Loaf

1 pound minced steak
1 cup soft bread crumbs
¾ cup quick-cooking oats
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sage
1 medium onion, finely chopped
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons chopped parsley, if desired
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 can vegetable soup
¾ cup crumbled corn flakes
OR
½ cup quick-cooking oats

Method: Combine all ingredients except the crumbled corn flakes or the ½ cup cooking oats. Mix well. Spread the crumbled corn flakes or oats on a large piece of waxed paper. Pat ingredients together firmly and turn onto crumbs on waxed paper. Shape into a loaf, coating well with crumbs. Place on a lightly greased cookie sheet and

bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 1 hour. Garnish with tomato wedges and early cress. Yield: 6 servings.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Serve With:

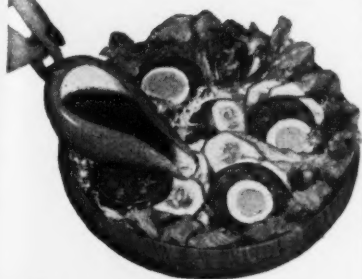
New Potatoes, scraped and cooked until just tender, in a thick cream sauce. Add chopped chives or sprigs of fresh garden parsley for color and flavor.

Button Beets with their own greens. Cut the tops from the little beets. Scrub beets and cook in ½ cup boiling water for 10 minutes. Wash leaves well, add to beets and continue cooking 7 or 8 minutes longer until beets and greens are tender. Serve with melted butter or margarine and a touch of vinegar if you wish.

For Dessert:

Glazed Strawberry Tarts: Hull and wash three pints of strawberries. Make glaze: Cook one pint of the

7 salad dressings



from this One Lemon Recipe!

Fresh lemon juice works magic in bringing out the garden freshness of greens, vegetables and fruits. You'll like these dressings, too, because they're so easy. Start using them in your salads now.

Make a basic Sunkist French Dressing by combining: $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Sunkist lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon sugar or honey. Vary for different types of salads as follows:

1. **For Combination Vegetable Salads.** Use dressing plain or add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. celery seed, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. mustard seed.
2. **For Green Salads and Quartered Firm Head Lettuce.** Add 2 rounded tbsps. crumbled Roquefort or Bleu Cheese. Mix thoroughly.
3. **For Fruit Salads.** Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsps. red jelly and 1 tsp. sieved cream cheese. (Whenever you use apple, banana, or avocado slices in a salad, a quick dip in lemon juice will keep them from darkening.)
4. **For Fish Salads.** Add 2 tbsps. each finely cut watercress and cucumber. Marinate fish in basic French dressing until well seasoned before serving.
5. **For Orange, Pear, Banana Salad.** Add 1 tsp. each finely cut mint leaves and maraschino cherries.
6. **For Waldorf or Mixed Fruit Salads.** Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped almonds or walnuts.
7. **For Orange Ambrosia Salad.** Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup toasted coconut, crumbed.

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For scores of wonderful new recipes, and ideas that make good foods better and housekeeping easier—send for that famous Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book. Free. Just write to Sunkist, Sec. 5506, Box 39, Toronto, Ont.

berries for about five minutes or until soft; strain through a coarse sieve, then return $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of the sieved berries and juice to the saucepan. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon cornstarch. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is clear and there is no taste of raw starch. Cool.

Bake six dessert-size tart shells. Spoon thick custard cream filling into the cooled shells until they are two thirds filled. Place a large strawberry in the centre of each and surround with smaller berries. Spread cooled glaze over the berries so it drips onto the cream filling. Chill.

Serve with or without whipped cream.

Ham Noodle Mold

- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound noodles
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 cup chopped leftover ham or luncheon meat
- 1 tablespoon chopped olives
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
- 3 eggs
- 2 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- Ham or luncheon meat slices

Preparation: Cook noodles in boiling, salted water. Drain well. Grease an 8 x 8 x 2 inch cake pan and arrange small slices of ham or luncheon meat in bottom.

Method: Place noodles in large mixing bowl. Add soft bread, grated cheese, chopped ham and chopped olives. Combine lightly with a fork.

Heat milk in double boiler. Beat eggs, stir in soft butter, salt, pepper, mustard and Worcestershire sauce. Gradually add hot milk. Pour into noodle mixture and combine well. Turn onto ham slices in cake pan and bake in a slow oven (325 degrees F.) for 1 hour or until inserted knife comes out clean. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Serve With:

Fresh Asparagus Stalks. Wash and trim, then tie asparagus with thread into one-serving bundles. Stand tips up in 2 inches of boiling water, cover and cook 25 minutes or until stalks are tender. Lift bundles from pot and snip strings. Serve with a sauce of hot French Dressing.

Minted New Carrots: Scrub tiny whole carrots and cook in as little water as possible until tender. Make a sauce of melted butter and chopped garden mint. Pour over carrots and garnish with sprigs of mint.

For Dessert:

Lemon Snow Pudding and Custard Sauce. Dissolve 1 package of lemon jelly powder in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Chill until almost set. Beat with a Dover beater until light and fluffy. Chill again until firm.

Custard sauce: Scald 1 cup milk in top of double boiler. Beat 1 egg well, add 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla and mix well. Slowly stir in the scalded milk. Return to double boiler and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened—about 5 to 7 minutes. Cool. Serve over snow pudding; garnish with fresh berries.



First Aids For Salads

Apple pie without cheese, they say, is like a kiss without a squeeze—and a salad without dressing would be even duller. Doubtless, dear reader, you never think of one without the other, but do you think as much about the dressing as you do about the vegetables or fruits you serve? Some people shop very carefully for the makings of a salad, and then fail to bring out the flavours because they use ordinary vinegar.

Heinz Vinegar has been for years the main factor in the widespread fame of Heinz pickles, and since Heinz Vinegars, with their extra zest and tang, go further than most, they cost less to use.

Give your salads a strengthening first aid treatment by using the world's best vinegar.

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57 Salad Dressing • Mayonnaise • Sandwich Spread



57

Catch his fancy... with this BANANA CAKE



"THIS banana cake is easy to bake, and so scrumptious no man can resist it! The recipe for this cake, with its daisy decoration, is from my new, illustrated Jewel Recipe Book," says Martha Logan, Swift's Home Economist, "and it's just one of over a hundred grand recipes. Send for your copy right away. And start saving Jewel cartons so you can take advantage of Swift's new wonderful plan to help you collect A-1 Plus Quality 'Rose Pattern' silverware at an amazing saving! You get complete details of this exciting offer with your Jewel Recipe Book. Write for your copy today!"*

Banana Cake

1½ cups once-sifted cake flour
2 tps. baking powder
¼ tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. salt
7 tbsps. Jewel Shortening

¾ cup fine sugar
1 egg, well beaten
¾ cup mashed ripe banana
½ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Pre-heat oven to 350°. Brush 8" square cake pan with soft Jewel Shortening, and line bottom of pan with Jewelled paper. Sift together three times the flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt. Cream Jewel—you'll love the quick, effortless way Jewel creams—and gradually blend in sugar. Add well-beaten egg. Combine mashed banana, milk and vanilla. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with banana mixture. Turn batter into pan and bake about 40 minutes. Stand baked cake on rack for 10 minutes, then loosen edges, turn out cake and remove paper. Split cold cake and put together with cooled chocolate filling (pudding mixes make good fillings) and sprinkle top with a little sifted icing sugar.

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DIGESTIBLE AND
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Cook with a Baby Stove

by Jane Monteith
of Chatelaine Institute

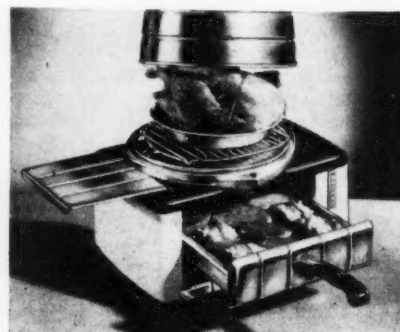
A PORTABLE stove will ease your cooking path whether you live in a mansion or "light housekeeping" rooms. It will bake cakes, cookies and delicious desserts or cook an entire meal. You can use it for back yard barbecues, recreation room snacks, or cottage cookery. All you need is an electric outlet and your favorite recipe file well stocked with dishes like these:

Rhubarb 'n' Bread Pudding

3 cups diced rhubarb
¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
¼ cup orange juice
2 eggs, separated
1½ cups cubed bread

METHOD: Combine rhubarb and all but 2 tablespoons of the sugar and cook in a double boiler until rhubarb is tender. Cool. Add orange rind and juice. Beat egg yolks, then stir in rhubarb mixture. Add cubed bread. Beat egg whites until stiff but still moist; gradually beat in remaining 2 tablespoons of sugar and continue beating until egg whites are stiff and glossy. Gently fold beaten egg whites into rhubarb mixture and turn into a 1½-quart casserole. Bake in a slow oven (325 degrees F.) for about 45 minutes or until firm. Serve warm or cold. Yield: six servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.



A portable stove will:

Bake a pie, a cake or a pudding.
Bake a meat loaf or roast a leg of lamb.
Fry, broil or stew meats and vegetables.
Heat rolls or muffins.
Act as a one-burner top-of-the-stove unit.
Roast and broil at the same time.
Cook pancakes on a griddle while sausages broil below.
Cook a complete meal.



Coconut Meringue Cake

- | | |
|--|--|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sifted cake flour | $\frac{1}{8}$ cup milk |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons baking powder | <i>Topping:</i> |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | 2 egg whites |
| 2 tablespoons soft margarine or shortening | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar |
| $\frac{1}{8}$ cup granulated sugar | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup moist shredded coconut |
| 2 egg yolks, well beaten | |

PREPARATION: Line the bottom and sides of a 5 x 9 inch loaf pan with 2 thicknesses of waxed paper cut long enough to extend an inch above each side rim. Leave ends unlined.

METHOD: Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Cream shortening or margarine, gradually add sugar, blending together well. Add vanilla. Add well-beaten egg yolks and beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Beat well. Turn into lined pan.

TOPPING: Beat egg whites until stiff; gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, continuing to beat until mixture is stiff and glossy. Fold in vanilla and shredded coconut. Spread lightly on top of cake batter. Bake in medium oven (350 degrees F.) for 45 minutes. When baked, loosen ends of cake with spatula and lift cake out of pan by the edges of the waxed paper. Set on wire rack to cool. When partially cool, loosen waxed paper from sides of cake and when cold remove from bottom. *Approved by Chatelaine Institute.*

A portable oven will:

- Bake a cake, a pie or a pudding.
- Bake a meat loaf or roast a leg of lamb.
- Make soups, stews, baked beans.
- Heat rolls or muffins.
- Make coffee for a crowd.
- Sterilize jars for canning—and babies' bottles too.
- Carry hot food to a picnic.
- Cook a complete meal.



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Hotpoint

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10 Plots

Continued from page 3

office. And in no time at all she wins the love of Prince Charming, who has been disguised all along as the ambitious young man in the outer office.

Plot Number Five: The More I Hate You, The More I Love You. Hero and Heroine take an instant dislike to each other, resort to violence on sight, and

pursue one another with blows, missiles, insults and shrieks. (In one story of this type the heroine dashed into the store where the hero worked and heaved a frozen lemon pie at his head. He spanked her over the counter, and romance was well under way.) The action in these stories is likely to be somewhat scrambled, but it's loads of fun, though the reader knows that these violent actions mask the tenderest of feelings. The young couple take longer to find out, and that's the story.

Plot Number Six: Our Slips Are Showing. This is the straight slapstick story. It has no real plot and exists only to get the hero and heroine into as many preposterous situations as the author can devise. Boy meets girl under novel and usually ridiculous circumstances. Boy courts girl under much harassment by weather, leechlike small boy relatives and acts of God of all sorts. (Sometimes blows are exchanged and in this case the story digresses into Plot Number Five.) Boy gets girl

amidst . . . Oh well, dear reader, you take it from there.

Plot Number Seven: The Tangled Web. Heroine allows herself to be mistaken for the movie star or other celebrity traveling on the same train. (A word would get her out of it, but she doesn't say it.) And then it's too late. There's a young man in the case and she knows he'd never bother with Plain Little Her, especially such a deceitful Little Her. This plot has two possible endings. Either he's known all along and doesn't care, or she confesses after great soul searching and he still doesn't care. But there's always plenty of agony first.

Plot Number Eight: The Boss Comes to Dinner. Husband doesn't let his wife know till half past four. It's Wednesday. The stores are closed and there's nothing to eat in the house. And there's Promotion in the Wind. So our heroine opens cans, talks her neighbor into lending her the spare roast she chances to have about the house, whips up a meal somehow. But her troubles aren't over. One of the children spills soup in the boss' lap, while the other crawls under the table to play choo-choo. Promotion recedes as sadly the wife ladles soup out of the boss' lap. But it seems he is Human After All. He's tired of perfect meals, which is all he ever gets at home. He enjoys the novelty of a lapful of soup, and he loves the way the shine is working through the powder on the little wife's nose. It reminds him of his own wife's nose in the happy days when they were poor and had no maid to serve them perfect meals. And he offers the young man a promotion twice as good as anything he had dared to expect.

Plot Number Nine: Old Flame's Last Flicker. Heroine meets her old beau, who has been a blazing success while her husband, dear dull fellow that he is, has been a plodding half-success. They meet for a drink in one of those discreet little places off the Avenue. (She feels very daring as she sips hers and hopes it won't go to her head.) Disillusionment may come in either of two ways. He's changed so much that his new hardness and ruthlessness frighten her. Or he's changed so little that he's now a pathetic would-be Playboy with a Paunch. With a little sigh she puts the image she has half-cherished all her married life out of her mind and hurries home to the shabby apartment or bungalow Where Love Lives.

Plot Number Ten: Love Is All. Wife and Mother for years has envied the more exciting life of the career-girl friend. And then something—some fleeting expression on the career girl's face as she fondles her friend's child, some look of desperation as she pins another orchid on her Schiaparelli gown—shows the heroine suddenly that success is empty without love and the career girl would gladly Exchange It All for a dear domestic husband and the clatter of little feet. All along the glamorous one, inhabiting a lonely tinsel shell, has been envying her.

Well, there they are. Familiar but not dear, I'd gladly tie them with a ribbon and throw them into the deepest of deep blue seas. But I'm afraid they wouldn't sink. +

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Unwed Mother

Continued from page 20

to come up to Montreal to be with her husband.

Instead of going to a restaurant for dinner, she suggested they buy some things and take them up to her apartment and she'd cook a dinner for him.

"We'll go around the stores and you can buy all the sorts of food that you've missed while you've been overseas and we have a sort of grate fire in the apartment and you can get that going while I'm making a dinner for us . . ."

When they got to the apartment she explained that the girl she stayed with was away and wouldn't be back until after the week end.

They had dinner and then sat and talked. It was late in the evening when he said: "I think you're wonderful. I've felt terrible since I got back. My wife not here to meet me and my mother . . ."

Before he had gone overseas Jane had wanted him to make love to her but had never permitted it. But for reasons that at the time she probably thought were good reasons she did that night.

On the Monday he got permission to return overseas by way of Washington.

SEVERAL WEEKS later Jane woke up one morning feeling very ill. When Helen, the girl she shared the apartment with, joined her in the bathroom she said she thought she must have stomach flu or perhaps it was something she had eaten the night before. No, it wasn't necessary to get a doctor. Without any breakfast, she got to work feeling shaky.

She was sick again often and did her best to see that Helen at home or the girls at the office didn't know about it. In her mind she kept saying to herself: "I'm not pregnant. It's just my nerves. I'm upset. I'm sure I'm not pregnant."

She started going to movies by herself because watching the screen she could keep her mind off it.

There's no point in going to a doctor,

she told herself. It's just a nervous stomach.

But one day one of the girls at the office asked her if she was pregnant. She laughed and said: "No, of course not. The doctor told me that my nerves are all upset . . . worrying about the war and everything."

But by now her shape was changing. She'd lock herself in the bathroom at the apartment and look at her naked figure first from one side and then the other. She was pregnant, there was no good trying to convince herself she wasn't. She'd have to have an abortion.

She wasn't going to tell any of the other girls, not even Helen. If one of them knew, they'd all know.

She remembered back to everything she'd heard them saying when they talked about abortions. It cost \$500 and there was a doctor on Meunier Street . . .

But how was she going to work it out?

She decided to write to Tully about it and ask him for the money. And she'd talk to the office manager. He was an older man and had always been very understanding.

She got an air letter off to Tully and asked to see the office manager in private. She found him as thoughtful as she'd expected. He didn't ask who the father was and he didn't moralize.

They worked out a plan. She would write to her family and tell them that she had been moved to the Ottawa branch. He would see that their letters were forwarded to her in Montreal. She would leave the office, supposedly to go up to Ottawa. She'd give up her apartment, but merely move elsewhere in the city. Then she'd have the abortion.

When she got up to leave the manager's office she was crying as she thanked him.

"You don't need to thank me," he said. "I've been with this office for 26 years. Lot of girls been through here in that time. I have a certain understanding of these things."

She stopped suddenly at the door.

Continued on next page

"Tolerance and Understanding"

OVER THE past few decades there has been a slow evolution of increasing tolerance toward the unmarried mother, but there still remains a harsh unrelenting attitude toward her in many areas of society. Today we know that the pregnancy of the unwed mother is the symptom of a troubled personality. Just as excessive lying, stealing and alcoholism are symptoms of inner disturbance, so is illegitimate pregnancy and cannot be successfully treated by punishment.

Unmarried mothers come to our doors from backgrounds differing in intelligence, age, education and culture, but regardless of the background from which any girl has come, she usually reaches us in a shocked, frightened and anxious condition, uncertain of her future and often homeless and alone.

We would like to encourage her to seek help early, to enable her to benefit by earlier medical care and give her the comfort of planning constructively for the child she is to bear.

We would also hope that in our society tolerance and understanding of the plight of the unmarried mother will increase.

Kathleen Sutherland,
Supervisor,
Unmarried Parents Department,
Infants' Homes, Toronto.

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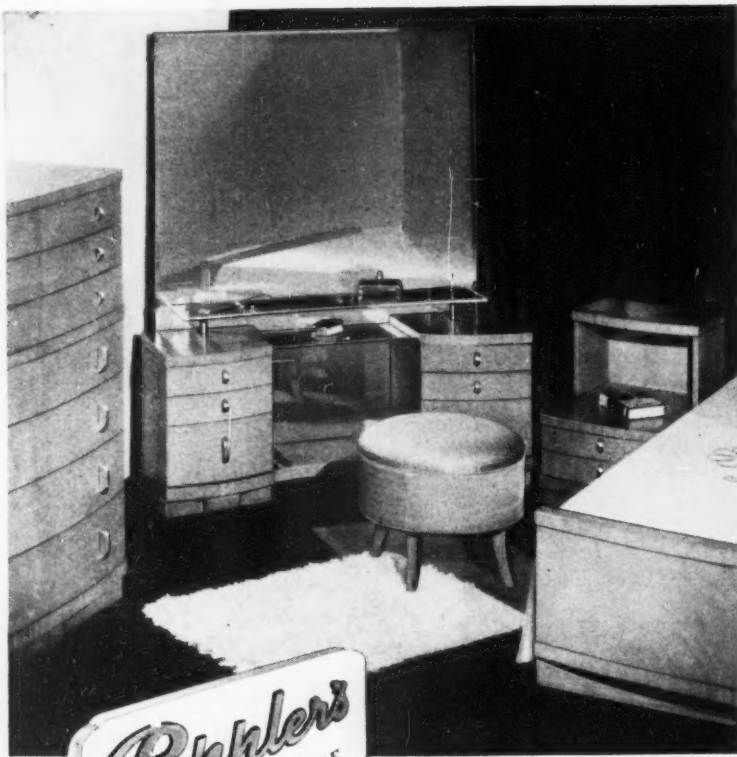
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"But what about the money? I won't be able to get the money right away?"
"Don't worry about that. I'll lend it to you until you can pay it back." The manager smiled. "But between you and me" he said, "I don't think you're going to need the money."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll see. Now, you take the rest of the afternoon off and go home and write that letter to your parents."

As she went home she wondered what he had meant when he'd said she wouldn't need the money. He'd given her such a warm friendly smile when he'd said it.

Several times before dinner she tried to write the letter to her family. Each time she'd tear up what she'd written and throw it in the waste basket.

After she'd had dinner she tried again but all the time through her mind was running, "What if I died...?" Newspaper stories flashed through her mind about women dying in taxis coming away from an abortion...

"Those doctors just do the operation, grab your money and then turn you out. They don't want you around the place," she remembered the girls saying. What if I died? It's almost four months now... it's dangerous at this time. What if I died?

She went to bed without getting the letter finished. But she couldn't sleep.

She got up to make herself some warm milk and when she'd had it and went back to bed something happened that she hadn't experienced before.

She was lying back on the bed trying to rid her mind of the thoughts of dying from the operation when she felt movement inside her. The baby was moving.

She felt a quiver run through her. It was the strangest feeling, to know that there was a baby inside you—alive.

WHEN SHE went into the manager's office next day, he remarked that she looked much happier. "I was just going to write out a cheque for you. I guess I don't need to, eh?"

"How did you know?"

"Well, I told you I'd had some experience of these things. The first thing girls think about is abortion. Then they start thinking about the likelihood of losing their lives. Then, perhaps, it's not just a matter of one life, but two lives."

"You're right."

"Now how about you taking some time off and go down to Toronto and have a talk with your people?"

"But you don't know my family. That's one of the things that's made me feel the way I do. If only they were more broadminded and understanding."

"You'll have to tell them sometime, so it might as well be now."

"But they're so strict. They just wouldn't understand."

On the train to Toronto she went over in her mind what would probably happen when she told her parents. They wouldn't want to have anything more to do with her. They'd want her to go away so as not to bring shame on them as well as on herself. Perhaps her father wouldn't even give her any money. She wished a letter had arrived from Tully. Then she could be independent of her family. She'd work it out somehow.

When she sat down to tell her mother and father, she had prepared in her mind

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the answers she'd give them when they started to berate her.

But they didn't say anything. They just sat there.

She couldn't bear just to sit with them looking at her. Why didn't they say something?

She got up and ran up to her own room.

She was crying on the bed when her mother came in sometime later.

Her mother took her in her arms and said: "Don't cry, dear. Your father and I have been talking it over and we feel it's our fault."

Dear God, Jane said to herself, that's the worst thing she could say. Why don't they bawl me out, say I'm loose and immoral, call me for anything they like. Then I can come back at them and tell them how wrong they are. They feel it's their fault! Why did she have to say that?

THEN JANE went to a doctor for the first time. He examined her and told her that as a pregnancy it was coming along fine. And he told her about the Children's Aid Society.

He explained that there was one of these societies in every large city and county in Ontario—53 in all—and every province in the country had them.

"I'll give you a card to the one in Toronto," he said. "Toronto's a bit different from other cities. Not only are there two Children's Aid Societies—one Protestant and the other Catholic—but also the Protestant one is run differently from all the others in Ontario. The others deal with everything, from care of the mother to arranging adoptions. But in Toronto, before the Children's Aid was set up, there was a private organization called Infants' Homes that was already looking after unmarried mothers.

He went on to explain that the Toronto Infants' Home continued to look after unmarried mothers and the Children's Aid Society arranged the adoptions.

"I'm having the child adopted, of course," Jane said.

"Well, you'll find no difficulty about that," said the doctor. "There's a long waiting list of couples who want to adopt children."

She phoned the Infants' Homes to make an appointment and one was arranged for her with Miss Southward.

JANE FELT how kindly the social worker seemed on the phone. This was confirmed when she went into her office. First thing Jane noticed about Miss Southward was that she was primarily interested in helping her and made no mention of the moral issues. Jane had thought she would have to listen to a talk on virtue. She was relieved that there was no lecture.

The things the social worker wanted to know were when the baby was expected, where Jane lived and what her background was, and the background and type of person the baby's father was.

She explained to Jane that an unmarried mother may make what they call a declaration of paternity, naming the putative father. He in turn acknowledges or denies this. Court action can be brought against him if enough evidence is available, i.e., if he has put in writing that he is the father, or if a witness other than the mother will swear on oath that he said he was the father.

Jane assured Miss Southward there



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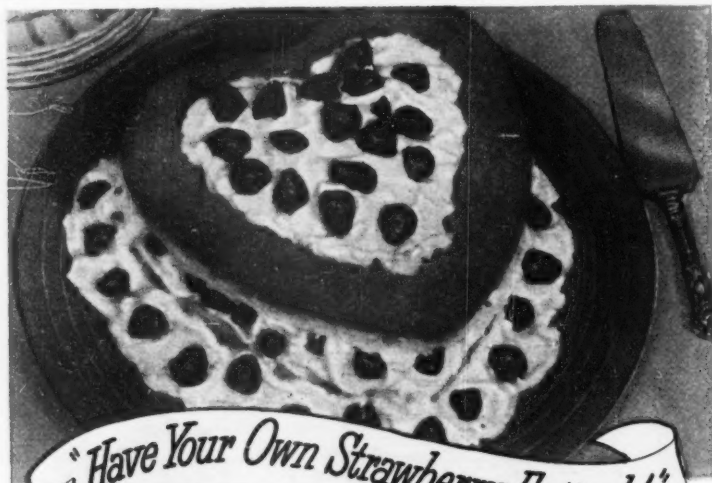


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Strawberry Shortcake

Requirements: You need a two-layer white cake baked in heart-shaped pans; 2 pints of strawberries; pint of heavy cream. Cut heart from center of one layer, leaving 1-inch rim. At serving time, spread

bottom layer with sweetened whipped cream, cover with strawberries; top with cut-out layer. Fill center heart with remaining whipped cream. Spread with remaining strawberries. Serve at once.

TWO-LAYER CAKE

Quick Mix—No Creaming Yield: Two 9-inch or heart-shaped layers
Method Preheat oven. Set at 375° F. Line bottoms of two heart-shaped cake pans with waxed paper. Have ingredients at room temperature. Sift flour before measuring.

1/2 cup Swift'ning	1 tsp. salt
2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour	3/4 cup milk
1 1/2 cups sugar	1 tsp. vanilla
4 tps. double acting or 5 1/4 tps. single acting baking powder	2 eggs
	1/2 cup milk

Place Swift'ning in bowl. Sift together flour, sugar, baking powder, salt into bowl. Add 3/4 cup milk and vanilla. Beat 2 minutes, medium speed electric mixer, or by hand, 150 strokes per minute. Keep batter scraped from sides and bottom of bowl. Add eggs and milk. Beat 2 more minutes. Pour equal amounts of batter into pans. Bake. Temperature: 375° F. Time: About 25 minutes.

*Swift'ning is the trade mark for Swift Canadian Co. Limited's new shortening

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would be no trouble. She was sure Tully would admit he was the father.

"That's fine, then," Miss Southward said. "The next step will be to get him to sign an agreement to pay medical expenses and maintenance in part until the child is adopted."

"I'm sure he'll sign," said Jane.

"It's nice that you feel so certain about this," Miss Southward remarked. "Sometimes it's not so easy to get a father to acknowledge this declaration and come forward with medical expenses and part maintenance."

"Any day now I should be getting a letter from him."

"Fine. Now we've got to think about what you'll do right now."

Jane wondered if any alternatives were available and Miss Southward suggested perhaps she could go on living with her family. She wouldn't be working, so she could apply for relief while she was waiting for her baby.

Secondly, she could perhaps undertake domestic employment. These "jobs," which entail only light work around the house, are arranged for by the agency with selected families.

Or she could enter a maternity home, which in Toronto are run by the Anglican Church, United Church, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and Salvation Army.

Or she might stay in one of the agency's foster homes, where she might help the foster mother until time of her confinement.

"You would probably want to think a little more about this," said Miss Southward, "before deciding."

AT HOME Jane told her parents the four things she could do. She had made up her mind, however, that the best thing would be to take domestic employment, although she didn't call it that to her parents. She called it "living with a family and helping them around the house." She knew they'd recoil at the words "domestic employment."

Once she'd outlined the alternatives Jane didn't wait for her parents to suggest she stay on with them. She knew how unhappy having her around would make them. They'd be embarrassed with the neighbors. They'd stop going to church socials, and the annual Robbie Burns dinner was coming up... they'd have to miss that too.

No, it was out of the question for her to stay on with her mother and father. They'd go through with it, but she wouldn't be able to stand their suffering in silence. So Jane announced to them that she was going to live with a family.

Jane was then referred to the home of a young couple with two children. The social worker knew them well.

Jane was nervous during the interview. Sitting on the edge of her chair, she wondered what they were thinking about her. After discussing details of the work required of her and arranging the amount she would be paid, Mrs. Brown came over to her and said, "Let's go fix some coffee and sandwiches."

In the kitchen as they started making coffee, she said to Jane, "Don't be nervous. I'm sure we'll work things out well together."

From then on Jane knew everything was going to be all right.

JANE FOUND that her duties consisted merely of things like helping with the cooking, dressing the children, baby sitting when the couple went out. She felt it was just as well because she

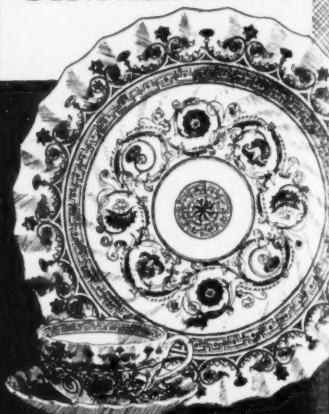
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was getting big now and her legs were hurting her.

A letter arrived from Tully, and with it a cheque for \$700—" \$500 for the abortion and \$200 for any other expenses." There wasn't much else in it—no warmth of feeling at all. Tully didn't say as much, but she realized he wanted to be out of it. At the end of his letter he mentioned he had seen his wife in Washington "... and everything's straightened away now."

"Okay, Mr. Tully," Jane said, when she put the letter down. "I won't bother you."

During her next visit with Miss Southward she showed her the letter and told her all about Tully and herself. She now felt absolute confidence in the social worker's desire to help her. Miss Southward also put Jane's mind at ease about her confinement experience. "Only the head nurse and doctor know you aren't married and on the birth certificate no mention is made that the child was born out of wedlock."

WHEN SHE had the baby Jane's father and mother came to her semi-private room and they saw the child—a healthy boy. Miss Southward had warned Jane beforehand that with adoptions an unmarried mother has a choice of seeing or not seeing her baby, but that most mothers do want to.

Jane had been told that there was no difference between her having a baby and a married woman having one. It was in the evenings when she lay there by herself that she realized there was a world of difference. At seven each night the fathers were allowed in. She could hear their eager footsteps in the hall as they dashed to the various wards and rooms. And when the husbands of the three women she shared her room with came in, Jane would turn her face to the pillow and cry.

Miss Southward visited Jane in hospital and after she was discharged and well enough to visit the social worker, they again discussed Jane's feelings about her baby.

There seemed two alternatives—she could either keep the baby or give him up. If she kept him, she could take him home and he could be brought up by her and her family. Later, when she married, the child could be adopted by her husband. Or she could board him in a foster home. These homes are licensed by the Public Health Department and supervised by the Infants' Homes. The child would still be hers and she could see him by arrangement with the agency.

If she decided to give the baby up and if he was healthy and sufficient information was available about his parents, he could be adopted.

Jane did eventually place her son for adoption. She felt it too great a risk to keep him in the expectancy that her future husband, who would not be his father, would ever be able to love him as much as any other children they might have.

Sometime later Jane went in to see Miss Southward again.

"There's something that worries me," she told her, "and you were so good to me when I was having the baby, I thought you might be able to help me."

"Tell me about it," said Miss Southward.

"Well, I've recently met a man who wants to marry me. I've told him I can't marry him. I just felt I couldn't."

"You love him?"

"I love him so much. He's so kind and he's so much fun and—but I haven't told him about the baby."

"You think he wouldn't be able to understand?" asked the worker.

"How could he? You can't expect a man to."

"Why not," Miss Southward asked, "if he really cares for you? If you marry him without telling him, you'll live in fear that he'll find out some other way."

Two days later Jane came in to see Miss Southward again.

"I told Keith about the baby," she said.

"You did? What happened?"

"It just goes to show people are only melodramatic on the stage. Do you know what he said?"

"What did he say?"

He said, "Why didn't you tell me all this before?"

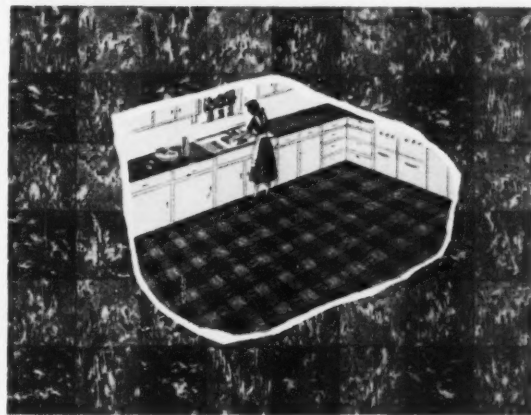
Miss Southward smiled, "So you're going to be married? I wish you all the

happiness in the world, Jane, You've earned it."

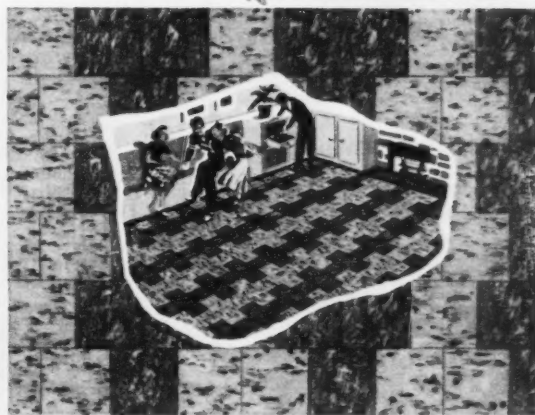
And that wish came true. Jane's marriage has been a success. But ... whenever she walks down the street and sees a group of children passing on the sidewalk on their way home from school, she scans their faces. Could one of them be her own son? What if she should meet him and pass him by unknowingly? This is the penalty she has to pay ... to watch the faces of children, wondering if this might be her child. ♦



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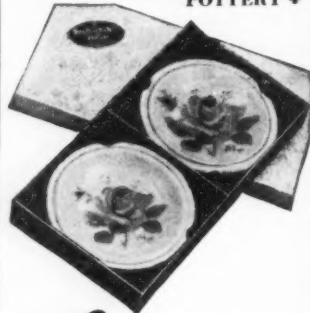
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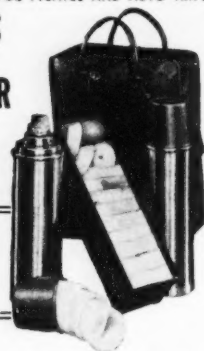
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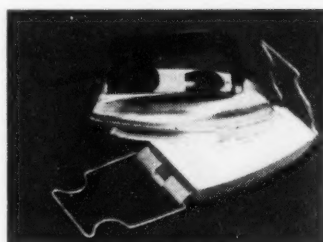
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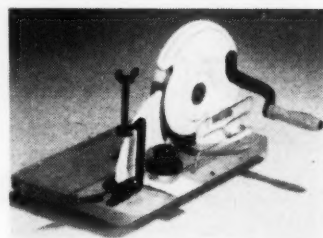
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Electric iron stand for easier and safer ironing. Asbestos base gives full protection. For ironing, clips turn down under base; when finished they turn up so that iron cord may be coiled around the handle. About \$1.95.



Pepper grinders from France at new low prices. Of natural polished hardwood, they grind whole peppers to a fine grain; look homey yet distinctive on the table. Two styles: the turn-top about 80c, handle-top one 90c.

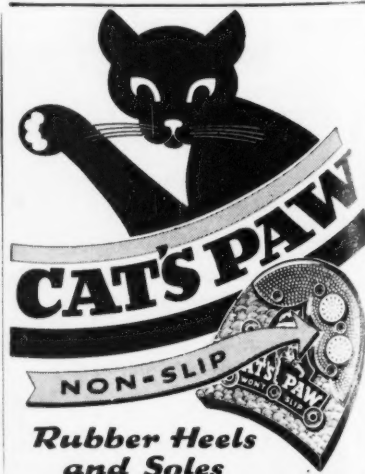


Slicer for meats, bread, vegetables. An acquisition to any kitchen when sandwiches, cold cuts are to be served. Clamp holds slicer firm to the table. Circular knife adjusts to varying thicknesses. Handle turns unit easily. Price under \$10.

Rinse Hair Off Legs In 5 Minutes

... without rubbing or risk
of bristly razor-stubble!

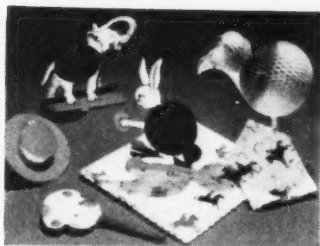
Amazing improvement—is the new Neet with lanolin. Creamy, pleasantly scented, Neet works faster, better. You simply spread Neet on, rinse off in 5 minutes, then thrill to the super-smooth feel of your lovely hair-free legs... to their sleek as satin look. Neet removes hair closer to the follicle itself to avoid prickly razor-stubble. And just see—each time you use Neet—how long it keeps your skin hair-free! Get Neet Cream Hair Remover today at drug or cosmetic counters.



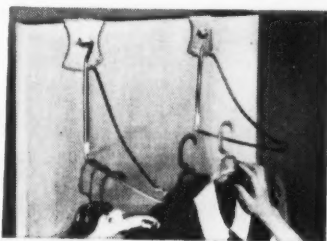
with Chatelaine

by Wilma Tait

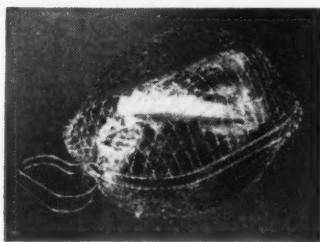
Paper favors from Denmark will enchant the children at parties. These unfold and shake into all sorts of shapes and colors. Priced at 10c each. Horsey and doggy serviettes come 18 to a package in two sizes; luncheon size about 30c, tea size 25c.



Utility hangers clamp onto doortops to hold suits, freshly ironed clothes. Two clamped to a window sash will support a glass shelf for flowers and plants. Of strong metal finished in enamel, they fit all standard size doors or windows. About 50c each.



Salad basket for washing and draining vegetables. Keeps the salad greens cold, crisp and clean. Made of strong wire with pure tinned finish it will last for ages. Actually this is two sieve baskets when handles are opened up wide. About 65c.



Deodorizer for a room via electric current is new and modern. A tablet of deodorizer in the top slot of the plug which when inserted into any electric outlet will waft away and banish all odors. One tablet lasts 100 hours. Six to a bottle with plug about \$2. Refills 60c.



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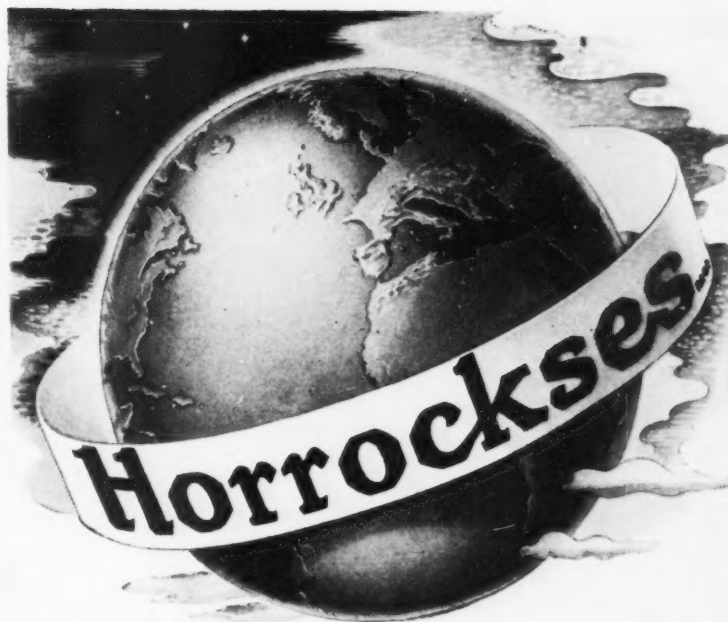
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ASPARAGUS time again! And how Allsweet heightens the flavour of this succulent vegetable! You'll love Allsweet lavished on other vegetables, too, and on waffles, pancakes, hot breads. Allsweet's delicate, natural flavour brings out all the goodness of your favourite dishes. You'll want Swift's Allsweet on special occasions because it's guest quality margarine. Allsweet's nutritional value is high year around! Get a pound or two today!

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MILK
makes the flavour!

It's Exciting to Grow

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

For gorgeous blooms lasting far into autumn

... MUM'S the word!

by *Helen O'Reilly*



You don't need a greenhouse to produce the perfect beauty of the white Alabaster shown above. It's one of the many new strains of hardy chrysanthemums.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS, like thoroughbreds, respond to expert handling. The plants should be set out in beds in the month of June, and with care they will flower right through early autumn frost to brighten your denuded garden and fill your vases with long-lasting blooms.

First decide where you are going to put them in your border—this will not

only help you to select colors from the bewildering wealth of choice, but also give you a chance to prepare the ground. Choose a spot that gets the sun all day or at least two thirds of the day and that will give your chrysanthemum plant lots of room, remembering that it will be a small bush probably 15 to 18 inches across. Dig down 12 inches or more so that your plants may send their roots deep into the earth and mix with

Housewives Blast

Continued from page 15

excitement of their marital tribulations, so you can imagine how furious it makes me to find how unnaturally they have been behaving toward me.

IT REALLY must be terrible for the housewives who are the unfortunate possessors of caddish husbands such as Miss Gray talks of so understandingly. You'd think even smart business girls could recognize the type of character who'd refer to his wife as a "halibut."

Of course, such a husband probably has for his motto—"There's lots of good fish in the sea—and if those lucky business girls want to be suckers, that's entirely their business."

WHEN WE'RE poking about the kitchen with runs in our nylons, hair in wisps, we don't look like your Marie Holmes illustrating how to make marmalade (who does?), but give us any day the crowded nursery, the round of ups and downs—of joy and laughter, of heartache and anxiety—for of threads such as these the fabric of life is woven.

You say our lives channel into a

the soil either well-rotted manure or good humus or peatmoss and sheep manure.

Catalogues Set You Dreaming

Authorities differ—don't they always!—about the type of soil for chrysanthemums; they agree, of course, that it should be fibrous, but many say that it should be slightly acid while others stubbornly use lime. I follow slavishly the instructions of the horticulturist from whom I buy my plants and who recommends a dressing of lime—3 ozs. to the square yard of soil—and I have had the comfort of having this advice confirmed by a Japanese-Canadian expert (the chrysanthemum has been the national flower of Japan since 797 A.D. so I feel this opinion is equal to a Supreme Court decision). When you come to the actual planting, add a handful of bone meal for good measure.

As to your choice of varieties, every chrysanthemum fan will give you different advice, so here is my two cents worth! I am completely sold on the hardy English varieties that flower in lovely globes of incurving petals and which can be coaxied to yield either a few enormous flowers or luscious sprays of smaller ones. A perfect beauty of this kind is called Alabaster, white (of course) with big blooms from September on, another is Bronze McLeod, the color of dark copper, also flowering in September. There is Indiana, a glowing crimson, and Mrs. T. Riley, frosty white, not to speak of all the delicate pinks and regal purples—go to see a display this fall if you can and if you are too far away, send for a catalogue for chrysanthemums are excellent travelers and those nursery catalogues will set you dreaming!

More Flowers or Larger Bloom?

To get down to earth (excuse it, please!), when you have made your choice, put the plants into your prepared spots to the depth they were planted before, you will easily see where the earth came to, it shows like a high-water mark; tread the earth firmly around the roots so that no air can reach them, rake the surface round them so that the soil will not cake hard, and give them a thorough watering. Now if you will mulch your plants with peatmoss you will not only keep the soil from hardening around them during the summer's heat but you will protect them from the infections that may reach the lower leaves in the mud that is splashed up by heavy rains.

When the plant has settled in comfortably and has started to grow, pinch

off the top of the stem with thumb and finger. This is called "stopping," but its purpose is to hurry on the growth of the branches so that the plant may flower earlier! (Some varieties require a second stopping—check on this with your nurseryman when you choose your plants.) As these branches grow and their crown buds appear, you make the momentous decision as to whether you will have fewer larger blooms or a profusion of lesser flowers.

To secure the few big blooms, direct all the strength of the plant to them by removing all but three or four branches, and from these branches nip off every little side shoot as it appears between the leaves and the branch. This is called "disbudding" and you will develop your own technique at it as you get deeper and deeper into this fascinating game. For a mass of smaller flowers, you can do less disbudding or none at all.

It's Later Than They Think

The chrysanthemum has been called Queen of the Autumn for its most unusual characteristic, which is that it will not start its buds until the days grow shorter. To us in Canada this means that many varieties are just spreading their glorious petals when the killing frosts are upon us. Crafty gardeners have found a way to overcome this difficulty by fooling the unsuspecting chrysanthemums into believing that it is later than they think!

The trick is simply to create a shorter day for your plants by cutting off the daylight from five o'clock in the afternoon until seven o'clock in the morning. Make a frame of laths, or laths and wire, high enough and wide enough to enclose your plant and over it fit a covering of black sateen which is long enough to lie along the ground for a few inches because *all the light* must be excluded or the dodge will not work. This shading is started nine weeks before blooms are wanted in the case of varieties that flower ordinarily in October, but the very late varieties will need longer shading. To leave off the covering for one night in a week will not break the charm, but if you forget or weaken for more than that all your shading will be love's labor lost!

Mums will survive our cold winters if they are cut back ruthlessly to two-inch stumps and covered with straw after the ground is frozen hard. Next spring you will find them encircled with tiny new shoots, each one the beginning of a new plant. So they will increase and multiply to fill your autumn borders with glowing color if you will cherish them as they deserve!

Your kitchen's complete with PYREX

Pyrex Oven and Refrigerator Sets for baking, serving and storing. They stack in the ice box. \$3.95



PYREX is the Perfect Gift!

Here's a gift that's beautiful and practical too! It's the new PYREX Gift Set... four heat-resistant bowls in handy sizes. Perfect for baking, mixing, storing and serving. Brighten her kitchen with PYREX... in sparkling clear glass at \$2.50 and pastel blue at \$2.95... attractively packaged for giving!

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Pyrex Flameware Percolator makes perfect coffee every time. Now 4 cup size, \$3.35. 6 cup size, \$3.95. 9 cup size, \$5.25.

"narrow domestic little tunnel." Well, I'll tell you a secret—you don't know it, but you are in a straight and narrow ditch. Same old office hours, same old desk, same old people around you every day, same old letters, same old boss, same old routine, same old restaurant, same old bus—my, but what a variety of exciting things your day contains! Beverly, is that really what you prefer to running a house to suit yourself by day—and having evenings to share with your children and your guy? Reef your girdle and stay at that desk if you will. I'll reef my clothesline and thank my silver polish I'm not there!

... Just now, for us young housewives, life "may channel into a narrow domestic little tunnel," dark in spots, but it's a tunnel with light at the end of it—a family decently reared, our own home and a husband who has helped in the hard work and good planning; and certain sacrifices do come out right at the end of the tunnel. And sister, didn't you hear of "kissing tunnels?" They're fun!

I DENY that as a group housewives are unhappy. We're happy because we know we are loved and appreciated in

Continued on page 68

THE FOOD SAVER* MOST PEOPLE USE

It doesn't just happen that far more housewives prefer Food-Saver Waxed Paper to any other brand. Food-Saver is heavy... strong and pliable... pure and pure white. A grand investment too... you'll save its modest cost before half the roll is used.



The package with the convenient metal tearing edge.

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I just can't save money!



That's what I used to say, and it was true. Sometimes I'd dream of the day when I'd have time and leisure to do all the things I wanted to do, but I had to admit I wasn't doing anything about it except dream. I never seemed to be able to put anything aside.

Now, I know those dreams will come true. They're guaranteed... through a simple saving plan which, strangely enough, I've found involves no hardship. I am now saving money for the first time in my life.

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BM11

Athletic Son

Continued from page 51

have your big roast beef dinner," he advises.

When the young sports enthusiast asks for the foods he's learned are best for him parents should co-operate.

"We feel that the best break a young athlete can get is teamwork in the family, all helping him to follow the right diet."

Examples of miracles in the development of athletes can be found in homes across Canada. Father, mother, brothers and sisters enter into the game of encouraging the athlete at mealtime; his diet often becomes theirs.

Sports Diet Notes

With summer holidays ahead, children will be going into all kinds of sports. What should they eat to keep fit?

Here are some tips from Mr. Percival's notebook with added suggestions from the Institute:

1. Be sure to give them blood-building foods such as liver, raisins, figs and blackstrap molasses.

The Institute suggests chopped-liver sandwiches on rye or whole-wheat bread. Combine molasses with cold skimmed milk for a "molasses milk shake."

2. Lots of fresh vegetables and fruits.

The Institute suggests vegetable plate dinners, with or without a poached egg. Cook vegetables only until tender in a small amount of water. Serve fresh fruits three times a day when they are in season.

3. Drink lots of milk.

The Institute recommends skimmed milk because it contains all the nutrients of whole milk except butter fat. It's less expensive; fine for puddings, soups and milk drinks.

4. Drink yogurt. This is a "culture" milk that's particularly fine for athletes. The culture bacteria in it destroy the bacteria in the stomach that cause gas.

The Institute suggests that all the family drink this milk. It's a real health food. You can get the culture from the Rosell Institute, LaTrappe, Quebec.

5. If you must sweeten your beverages, fruit and porridge, use honey.

The Institute suggests boney butter as a spread for wholewheat toast or rye bread. Honey's relatively cheap, easily digested.



"I may be a little late, Mary-Ann, there's a coupla things here I need to clean up!"

Baby's Skin



NEEDS SPECIAL SOAP!

...and Baby's Own is a special soap—made just for baby from the purest and mildest ingredients, including natural Lanolin. It's free from any harsh dyes or perfumes that can chap and roughen baby's delicate skin.

Years of scientific research and strict care in manufacture ensure the uniform purity of Baby's Own—the soap doctors and nurses recommend as safe for your baby.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER
BABY'S OWN 3-STEP FORMULA
AND YOUR BABY



Baby's Own
SOAP • OIL • POWDER



Your Questions

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

Question: My baby is 6 months old and I am nursing him. I started his orange juice and fish-liver oil when he was three weeks old and he has been getting them regularly every day since then. He is now having a special baby cereal and canned puréed vegetables every day. He is gaining nicely, sleeping well and seems happy, but some days he takes far more of the cereal and vegetables than other days. Does that mean there is anything wrong with him? I am worried too because his legs seem to be bowed. I don't see how he can have rickets because I am giving him the fish-liver oil his doctor prescribed regularly.—Mrs. P. C., Barrie, Ont.

Answer: The fact that your baby is doing so well in every way means that he is obtaining enough food. You are very wise to breast feed him, and I hope you will keep it up until he is eight months old at least. Breast feeding is best for your baby both emotionally and physically. One of the reasons why your baby's appetite is variable is because sometimes your supply for him is greater than at other times. Even apart from this he no doubt is hungrier some days than others, just as you yourself are. Don't urge him to eat more than he wants. Keep in touch with your physician, so that other foods, such as puréed canned meat, may be added when he thinks it wise. Most babies' legs have an outward curve. This is

more apparent than real, because they usually lie with their knees wide apart and the soles of their feet opposite each other. Marked bowing is due to rickets, but as your baby was started on his fish-liver oil at the recommended time and has been given it regularly since then, you have no reason to worry.

Just a word about your meals when you are nursing your baby. You need more and better food at this time than at any other time in your life. In order to maintain your own health as well as providing your baby with plenty of breast milk, you should take a quart of milk, an egg, a good serving of meat, a good serving of cheese, extra generous amounts of citrus fruit and tomatoes (say two oranges and a glass of tomato juice), a green or orange vegetable, other vegetables, whole grain bread and cereals and 400 I.U. of vitamin D in liquid or capsule form every day. As you know, too, you need extra water or other fluids to drink and extra rest. From the fact that your baby is doing so well, I judge that you have been following a routine something like this.

Question: How long is it advisable to bath a child daily? Could it be nightly bathing that gives a three-year-old persistent colds?—Mrs. C. M., Toronto.

Answer: It is best to keep up the daily baths until children are at least
Continued on page 70

What you should know about MEDICAL CARE for your baby

To keep her baby happy and healthy is every mother's aim. The doctor's part is important, so here are a few guide rules suggested by a prominent medical authority. This information should not be regarded as a substitute for your doctor's advice. Every baby is different and your baby may require individual care and perhaps a special diet. When in doubt consult your doctor and abide by his recommendation.



- 1 If the doctor who delivers you is the family physician, he will probably act also as your baby's doctor. But if he is a specialist in obstetrics, ask his advice about finding a good children's doctor who can take over as soon as the baby is born.
- 2 Once you have left the hospital, have your baby checked regularly by the doctor—once a month during the first year and at least once every 3 months during the second year.
- 3 If you live too far from the doctor for monthly visits, you may be able to keep in touch with him by telephone. If baby eats and sleeps well and gains weight, there should be little to worry you. If he seems cranky and unhappy, develops fever, loses his meals or refuses several in succession, phone the doctor and describe the symptoms.
- 4 If you feel you cannot afford the regular services of a private doctor, investigate the baby clinics in your community, and take your baby for free medical supervision.
- 5 Avoid exposing your baby to measles. If other children in the family or immediate neighbourhood come down with them, let your doctor know.
- 6 Unless your baby has eczema he should be vaccinated against smallpox during his first year. If reactions last over a week, consult your doctor.
- 7 Your doctor may recommend whooping cough injections when baby is about 6 months old.
- 8 Before your baby is 9 months old he should be protected with diphtheria inoculations.

Feeding your baby Heinz Baby Foods might almost be termed good medical care, too. Certainly, the nourishing, wholesome quality of these foods will guard your baby's health and help him grow strong and sturdy. For younger babies Heinz offers 2 kinds of cereals, and 26 varieties of Strained Foods. For older babies who are ready to chew, there are 17 varieties of Heinz Junior Foods available. All Heinz Baby Foods are made from choice, fresh ingredients . . . carefully cooked and vacuum-packed to retain minerals and other nutrients in high degree. The wide range of delicious varieties includes soups, vegetables, fruits, puddings and meat products.



HEINZ

Baby Foods



Look for the complete line of Heinz Strained Foods (Blue Label), Heinz Junior Foods (Red Label), and Heinz Pre-Cooked Cereals at the sign of the Heinz Baby when you are shopping.

for Contented Babies



"A Prescription from My Doctor"

"No wonder I'm healthy and contented! My Carnation Milk is nourishing as milk can be; easily digested because it is heat-refined; has 400 units of vitamin D in every pint. Ask your doctor about Carnation — it's the milk every doctor knows".

Extra Body-Building Benefits for Children of All Ages

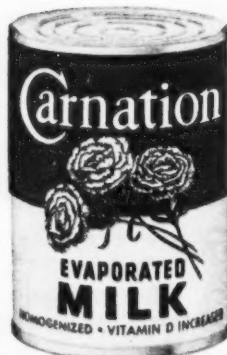
AFTER BABY'S bottle days, no need to change from the milk the doctor recommends. No other form of milk has so many uses as Carnation — the milk with the water removed.

FOR "CREAMING" cereals — children love the familiar flavor of *undiluted* Carnation — and it has *twice* the food value of an equal amount of bottled milk.

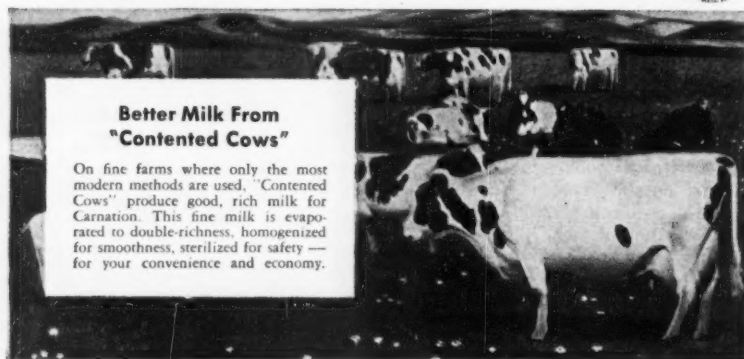
FOR DRINKING, cocoa, or cooking, restore part of the original water. Carnation diluted with an equal amount of water has all the food values of whole, pasteurized milk *plus* 400 units of vitamin D in each reconstructed quart.

FREE: 2 books mothers need: "Your Contented Baby" — and the "Velvet Blend Book" of recipes. Write to Carnation Co. Limited, Dept. 22, Toronto or Vancouver or St. John's, Nfld.

LISTEN TO the Contented Hour every Sunday night. See your newspaper for times and station.



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Better Milk From "Contented Cows"

On fine farms where only the most modern methods are used, "Contented Cows" produce good, rich milk for Carnation. This fine milk is evaporated to double-richness, homogenized for smoothness, sterilized for safety — for your convenience and economy.

from Contented Cows

Housewives Blast

Continued from page 65

spite of our curlers and last year's coat. We're happy because we're released from the tension of office competition and the competition for affection and because we can put all our heart into the home and community service.

LAZY? Who are those two million women I meet at the supermarket, those lazy creatures with two armfuls of groceries, pushing a carriage with one or two occupants, holding the harness of a third between their teeth? Housewives trying to fill their empty days?

... If all housewives were as moronic, lazy and lacking in imagination as pictured, how could they raise their daughters to grow into such smart, intelligent and very self-assured young business girls?

NOW WHAT'S all this hullabaloo about us listening to soap operas? Some of us do and some of us don't. So what? They are merely a form of entertainment to occupy part of the mind while, say, washing dishes. Don't tell me we should have a waterproof copy of "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" to reach for instead.

... Suppose we do listen to soap operas—don't we get the news every hour on the hour sandwiched in between? And what husband will take your latest theories on why Russia will wait three years before declaring war, in place of lemon pie for supper?

WE ARE accused of lack of outside interests. How then does B. G. account for the number of women's organizations? In my town every year without exception it has been a married woman who collected for the Community Chest. In our choir are housewives. I see them donating afternoons to all sorts of charitable work. Who bakes the pies and cakes at the fairs, prepares the church suppers? Who makes up the Parent-Teacher groups?

DISCOURTESY is not a disease specifically attributable to the housewife. I have often waited patiently to be served in department stores while giggling clerks stood in a huddle discussing last night's date, until I was finally forced to leave without making a purchase.

UNTIL READING Miss Gray's article, I had always been under the impression that women as such might be grouped en bloc, but that beyond this it became necessary to recognize a vast variation in ability and character. But according to her there are only two classifications—single girls and housewives. Housewives, all having been cut from the same shoddy piece, must be classified under the same generalized accusations. How simple! I should very much like to know whether she keeps her office correspondence in the same type of all-inclusive folders.

This new type of reasoning requires neither consistency nor veracity—how easy it becomes to state a case. For instance, the movie magazines, it seems, are read only by housewives; but it has been my observation that they are to be found in greatest profusion at the beauty parlors where, we are led to infer, no housewife ever sets foot!

SO THE writer thinks housewives are the only females addicted to long telephone calls. I might remark that I know a good dozen firms in one city who have had to deny employees use of the phones for personal use, the reason being that female employees have carried on such interminable gossip sessions with their cronies that incoming business calls were badly delayed.

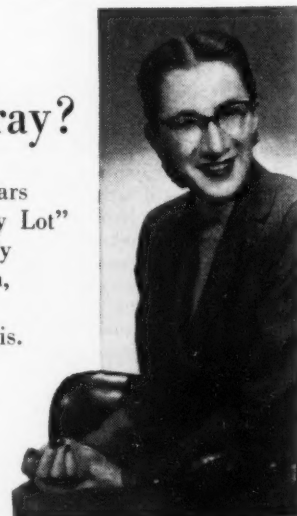
THE MOVIES have made you "career girls" a very glamorous lot. But from where I stand on my corner waiting for a homeward bus, dinner under my arm, I see a swarm of tired, bedraggled and irritable young business girls who elbow their way just as fast, if not faster, than I to the only available seats.

SO YOU consider our children a nuisance. Well, you're dead right! And who has a better right to say so than we? They haven't invented a toddler yet with a push-button mechanism and if we talk about what we went through producing "the little dears, why not? They don't do that with mirrors either. Evidently you have missed the note of living pride usually wrapped up in our complaints about our offspring.

AND WHO ARE "all" the doctors who know that half the illnesses of married women are imaginary? For every wife who fakes illness there are at least 10 who do their day's work, and I mean work with aches and pains that would

Who is Beverly Gray?

The question's been buzzing in our ears ever since "Housewives Are A Sorry Lot" appeared in the March issue. Beverly is a hard-working newspaper woman, never been married, admits she's too lazy and comfortable the way she is. "I was amazed at the commotion I caused . . . my telephone hasn't stopped ringing. And, I've learned a lot more things about housewives I didn't know before!"



keep you home from the office for a month, Miss Gray. And since you mentioned widows, statistics prove that married men live longer than bachelors and I'll bet you're just the one who'll come back with "It only seems longer!"

YOU SAY women talk too much about childbirth. One session of pregnancy would put some of the critics out of business completely. Yet the so-called "spineless" housewife, lacking all the determination, strength of character and other virtues of her unmarried sister is supposed to recover and rebound from the ordeal with the elasticity of a rubber band. The amazing thing about her is she does!

BEVERLY, I can't help but wonder who your married friends are. If it is from them you have gleaned your rather wild ideas about us, you had better look up from polishing your nails, open your eyes, and really see. If we had so ghastly an existence — why weren't women frightened away from it generations ago?

WHATEVER IS the matter with you, Beverly Gray—I hope it's curable. Stop being a sour-puss and you will find that married women are people too, and very nice. Often they are tense with worries that are not as controllable as a typewriter or adding machine.

In our village the women are clever and kind, some more efficient than others. Our children are healthy and usually very happy. We like our husbands. We give service to our community. We understand municipal affairs and work to improve them. We have political opinions and we don't fight over disagreements. When we are in trouble we help one another. Our women are smart-looking and well-groomed—and I expect they are where you live too.

ONE CAN'T blame these spotless specimens of business girls shuddering at the sight of a housewife going about her business. I shudder myself when I think of it. But that fly-away look in our eyes

and hair seems unavoidable when trying to shop in a limited time and keep small fingers from creating too much damage in the store. When those smooth bags approach with their unruffled hair, unblemished make-up and in up-to-the-minute tailoring, my inferior complex reaches a new low. And if the need to speak arises, their cool husky tones are a positive delight—but I've often wondered would their voice pitch rise as high as mine if in an emergency a child tried crossing the street in front of a moving car!

IT SEEMS to me from Beverly Gray's article that her position at the console of her typewriter encompasses a much smaller horizon than the narrow domestic circle in which, according to her, we housewives are groveling. But her ideas will doubtless cause more smiles than scowls—for we realize how very young she must be, at least in experience. Perhaps Chatelaine should sponsor a Womanhood Week—so that one half may learn how the other half lives. But don't let Beverly scare you, girls. Countless thousands of us in Canada are homemaking—and loving it! And it only takes one hug and good-night kiss from sleepy cherubs to bring back all the love and energy which has been given so freely during the day.

WE ARE SORRY to see one member of the female sex allowing her sublime ignorance and noticeably narrow-minded opinions to carry her away. We can only suppose that Miss Gray's vitriolic tongue has reduced her circle of friends to such an extent that she has been forced to retaliate in a verbal barrage against her own kind.

ALL HOUSEWIVES will no doubt agree it's a smart business girl who, knowing her own limitations, decides to sidestep the idea of becoming one of us. But don't think for a moment that we, "a race apart, a separate division of the human species," would change places—oh, no, we're housewives, and darned proud of it! +

Light-As-Air Wardrobe

Continued from pages 5 - 9

MARY MORRISON proved that this year the rustle of air travel will be the rustle of nylon. Her two nylon-covered suitcases carried a complete wardrobe of clothes for every occasion of a two-week, fun-packed holiday. No problems with those annoying little wardrobe gremlins . . . creases. Suit, coat, sweaters and dresses held their shape beautifully. Lingerie, slips, nighties and bras were dipped according to the rules and ready to put on the very next morning. And if you think it isn't important to travel light as air, then take a look at the cost of being overweight!

The following Canadian manufacturers and designers supplied Mary with her wonder wardrobe:

Three lingerie sets—Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada Ltd.; Canadian Converters Co. Ltd.; Julius Kayser.

Four pairs stockings—Julius Kayser & Co.

Foundation garments: one girdle, three brassieres—Canadian Lady Corset Co.

Housecoat—Beatrice Pines Inc.
Three blouses—Dainty Apparel; Original Blouse Co.; Lillimar.

Three-piece suit—Dominion Woolens and Worsteds, Style by Sport Frocks Ltd.
White tricot dress—Yvel Manufacturing Co.; Associated Textile Company.
Printed dress—La Roth Dress Co.

Sweater set—Glenayr Knit Ltd.
Two pairs gloves—Julius Kayser; Louis Fischel.

Slacks—Irving.
Three pairs shoes—La Giocanda, of Tarsal-Ease; Paria; Sport Shoes, Henry Morgan Exclusive.

Evening dress—"A Nite Club Original."

Swim suit—Cole of California.
Sheer dress—Samuel Sherkin.
Garden party hat—Karen Ross Co.
Luggage—Hugh Carson.

Other hats—Piko Millinery and Karen Ross.

Umbrella—Montreal Suspenders and Umbrellas Ltd.; Lightning (nylon) Fastener Co. Ltd.

Jewelry by Coro (Canada) Ltd.
Furs, courtesy Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal. +

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Its colour and its flavour will make your table sing.



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Most women know that Tampax is an *internal* method for monthly sanitary protection, but many do not realize that it can actually be worn while taking a shower or tub bath! . . . Tampax requires no belts, pins, external pads. And besides, it is so much less in bulk than the "other kind" that a whole month's average supply may be carried in your purse.



When those annoying days arrive next month it should be comforting to know that you can "bathe as usual," even if you prefer a tub. There's no odor with Tampax and it is *so easy* to dispose of.



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() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

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Continued from page 67

four or five years old, because they get so dirty. Provided the room where he is bathed is warm and his hair is entirely dry before he goes to bed, it should cause no trouble. Of course if you prefer, he could be given his bath before his supper or in the morning. Do not give him a tub bath when he has a cold. A sponge bath is the only safe method under those circumstances.

Question: I am expecting a baby in the summer and would appreciate any information you have about layettes and general preparations to get ready for the baby.—Mrs. R. S., Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Answer: We can best answer your question with a list. This should be looked upon as the minimum:

At least 3 dozen diapers—flannelette, bird's-eye cotton or gauze are all good.

3 or 4 long-sleeved cotton shirts (size 2).

4 flannelette or knit cotton nightgowns.

A few cotton dresses or slips (not essential).

A silk or cotton bonnet.

Later on, when the weather becomes cooler, you will need sweaters, wool soakers, mittens and probably booties. You would be wise to have them ready beforehand.

3 cotton wrapping blankets.

1 wool blanket (more later).

3, 18 in. square quilted cotton or rubberized flannelette pads.

2 yards of rubber sheeting, if pads not waterproof.

Fine toilet soap and soap dish.

Large soft bath towels.

Small soft face clothes (best made of several thicknesses of cheesecloth).

A covered pail for used diapers.

Baby powder in self-closing tin or cornstarch.

Baby oil, mineral oil or olive oil.

Safety pins—a cake of soap makes a good pincushion.

Absorbent cotton and tooth picks.

Bath—a large oval dishpan on a low table is good.

A low armless rocking chair.

A chest of drawers.

Linoleum for the floor.

A lamp with a well-shaded small bulb.

It is a good plan to sit down to bathe your baby when he is little and you aren't feeling any too frisky.

A lined clothes basket makes a good bassinette. A firm pillow covered with waterproof material, which also makes it firmer, can serve as a mattress. Put a pillow slip over it as well. Baby is safer without a small pillow of his own. Diapers make good sheets for the bassinette. When your baby is three months or so he will be ready for a crib with sides. You would be wise to buy the largest size, so that he can sleep in it with comfort until he is five or six years old. It is best for baby to have a room of his own from the start. He certainly should be moved out of your room when he is six months old, unless that is absolutely impossible.

Questions about new babies that worry fathers in particular.

Many babies' heads are irregular in shape for a few weeks. This is not abnormal, and it will soon disappear. Fortunately a baby's head is quite soft and it can be molded to facilitate his birth. Not infrequently a very young baby has a fine growth of downy hair all over his body. This is especially noticeable on his forehead and cheeks. This hairiness will soon be lost and is quite normal. All babies are covered by such down earlier in their lives. Many of them, too, have very red skins for the first few days. This again is not unusual and your youngster won't stay that way. Some of them even have a yellowish peachlike tinge for a week or so, but this, too, is quite all right. If your doctor says your baby is fine, you don't need to do any worrying.

Dr. Robertson will be pleased to answer questions on child health and training. Please do not ask for prescriptions or feeding formulas. Address your letters to Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



"I dunno—but he must be dangerous or they wouldn't have him behind bars."



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America's Most Popular Nurser

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Chatelaine

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